TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1934 — NUMBER 20

PUBLIC LIBRARY

DEC 26 '34

READING IN THE SUBWAY
Photographed for The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

The Rise of *Smart Set*

THE SMART SET ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

ONE day a few years ago I was passing a magazine stand with Terry Ramsaye, and a cover-monger's idea of a beautiful face smote our vision. Above the permanent wave appeared the words, "Smart Set."

"Look at the trollop!" said Terry. Then, in lugubrious tones, "Why couldn't she have died before she lost her good name?"

What is to be written here, obviously, concerns only the original *Smart Set,* that modest, violet-clad magazine of the preceding quarter century, before it became the pulp product that Terry and I saw on the newsstand. It was a literary publication which America almost appreciated. It occupied a position unique in the history of world literature. No other periodical, devoted principally to the presentation of fiction appealing to intelligence rather than to sentiment, has ever existed in any country for such a length of time, so far as I have been able to discover.

Smart Set contained no pictures. No names of popular story-tellers were emblazoned upon its covers. I do not recall ever seeing it advertised. No youths working their way through college came to your door and pleaded that you subscribe. It lived upon its reputation for providing unique entertainment.

Now, just as it seemed about to become a mere fond memory, Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin have erected a permanent memorial, "The Smart Set Anthology." In nearly a thousand pages, the editors have preserved more than a hundred of the finest things which appeared in the magazine. And from beginning to end there is not a single page that approaches even a suggestion of dulness. This is somewhat amazing. Most magazines of thirty years ago are now merely amusing, and many not even that. These *Smart Set* stories are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday.

The explanation is that in *Smart Set,* from the early days of the century, young writers found a market for their creations which no other editors would buy. A vague revolt against sentimentalism and romanticism was stirring, and in their sheer joy at finding a publication which would accept the things they really

(*Continued on page* 326)

Lord Acton and Universal History

CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. 13 *vols.* $32.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

IN 1895 Lord Acton was appointed to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. His selection marked an epoch in the history of history—a Catholic named to one of the most important chairs in a great English university. But, in Acton's appointment, there was a far greater significance than the mere breaking of convention—of what had been, up to only a little time before that, a law. It marked a victory for a new school of history. Acton was, in a sense, a modern Polybius, for, like Polybius, he viewed his world and saw in it both a breadth and a unity. He had a vision such as few men of his time possessed. In his eyes, history was a stern judge, but history could not be of service to mankind and could not pronounce judgment unless it were broadened to include and to present the sum total of man's accomplishment. To Acton, history was not politics alone; nor was it statistics (witness the war with Mr. Buckle). History must be universal, not simply the presentation of the political growth of each nation and its relation to the others, but, as well, the ideas, customs, and aspirations of each component part of the civilized world. This was the doctrine of Acton which he carried with him to Cambridge.

Hardly was he installed at the University than an opportunity came for him to put his theory into practice: it was proposed to present to the world an inclusive and unified history of modern times. Acton thereupon perceived the fulfilment of his vision and assumed the task of directing the production of a universal modern History to be composed of a series of historical studies, each one written by a specialist in his field and each fitted in to provide a compact and unified whole. In his instructions Acton wrote:

> The recent past contains the key to the present time. All forms of thought that influence it come before us in their turn: we have to describe the ruling currents, to interpret the sovereign forces that still govern and divide the world. By Universal History I understand that which is distinct from the combined histories of all countries, which is not a rope of sand but a continuous development, not a burden on

(*Continued on page* 323)

What the Proletariat Reads

Conclusions Based on a Year's Study Among Hundreds of Workers Throughout the United States

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

"PROLETARIAN," as it is used in the phrase "proletarian literature" by most of the so-called "Marxian" critics and left-wing authors, is a Marxist term. To understand it fully, one should read "Das Kapital." It is, fundamentally, a relative term, descriptive of a great class of people in contemporary capitalist society, the exploited working class, which exists only in relation to the other—the exploiting—classes. Marx uses it as such throughout his work in various phrases and combinations. Not once, however, so far at least as I can determine, does he employ the phrase "proletarian literature," which, therefore, is not Marxist in origin or form. Nor is it Marxist in content or meaning, despite all the good intentions of those who use it, for it refers not to a large, careful, historical interpretation of literature, but, rather, to a hasty, crude, revolutionary-political—*i.e.,* inevitably narrow, transient, and relative—interpretation of literature.

And, most important of all, the phrase is also historically incorrect from the Marxist point of view. Trotsky has pointed out that proletarian art, including literature, is not possible in any historical epoch. Under capitalism, as well as during the period of temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, the latter is too busy working, making a living, fretting, agonizing, scheming, and struggling to seize power, or, once having seized it, working even harder than before and fighting to retain it, to have the social leisure and perspective necessary for the production of authentic art; while in a fully established, well-functioning communistic state, of course, when leisure is possible, the proletariat will have ceased to exist as a class, so that what might be expected to develop then is not proletarian art but just human art.

What, then, is the justification for the phrase "proletarian literature"? Well, there are two or three justifications. All proletarian literature is intended to be propaganda. The authors' aim is to publicize the proletariat, its plight under capitalism, and indicate, directly or indirectly, how it will find its salvation in revolution, which, in the opinion of several of them, appears to be just around the corner. Some of the authors are of proletarian origin or even were industrial workers themselves before they became writers. But the strongest justification for the phrase probably is that the proletarian novels, narratives, short stories, and sketches are addressed primarily to the working class.

Does the working class read them?

The sad answer is that the overwhelming majority of the American working class does not read books and serious, purposeful magazines. In fact, the American working class hardly reads anything apart from the local daily and Sunday newspaper and an occasional copy of *Liberty, True Stories, Wild West Tales,* or *Screen Romances.* The American proletariat, in this respect, differs profoundly and tragically from the proletariat in Europe, where it is not uncommon to find excellent little libraries in even ordinary laborers' homes, and where I encountered miners and glass-workers who denied themselves bread and tobacco to buy books or subscribe to Marxian or radical magazines.

To be sure, there are class-conscious workers in America, proletarians in the ideal Marxist sense, in whose pockets and homes one sees the best that is written in America from the radical point of view, but they are few and far apart. Most of them, if I may venture a guess, are among the exceptionally intelligent and avid-minded Jewish garment-workers in Manhattan, who, together with a scattering of other intelligently class-conscious workers elsewhere in the United States, constitute perhaps less than one-half of one percent of the proletarian population in this country: and the great majority of these cannot afford to spend $2.50 for a novel or $1.50 for a year's subscription to *The Anvil* or *Blast.*

The other ninety-nine and one-half percent, with things being as they are, seem to me to be practically beyond the reach of radical printed propaganda or serious, honest writing of any sort. This, to my deep regret, is the brutal truth of the situation, and anyone who does not realize it and his and everybody else's at least temporary helplessness against it, is, I think, *ipso facto,* open to the suspicion that he is not qualified to write about the American proletariat.

During the past year I moved a good deal around the country, and came in close contact with workers in industrial centers and in small mining and mill towns in the East, Middle West, and Northwest, but outside of New York I found almost no awareness of the fact that among the intellectuals in Manhattan, Chicago, and Hollywood there was considerable excitement about a thing called proletarian literature. I met hundreds of workers, but among them only a few real proletarians (not recently radicalized middle-class would-be intellectuals) who had read or heard of one or more of the several recent proletarian novels, and these few told me that, so far as they knew, they were the only persons in their towns who read anything at all apart from the local papers and the cheap magazines procurable on the corner newsstands.

Worse yet, none of the workers outside

This Week

PRELUDE TO THE PAST
By R. G.
Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

GLORY HUNTER
By FREDERICK F. VAN DE WATER
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
By PEGGY BACON
Reviewed by L. Cabot Hearn

THE WORLD OUTSIDE
By HANS FALLADA
Reviewed by Samuel A. Nock

THE PAGEANT OF CUBA
By HUDSON STRODE
Reviewed by W. H. Baldwin

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of New York who had read one or more proletarian novels was entirely pleased with it or them. To one worker I praised Grace Lumpkin's "To Make My Bread," which I think is one of the best ten American novels published in the last three years, but he said he had found it "hard going"; the author's style was too flat, oversubdued for his taste. Another was rather baffled by Jack Conroy's "Disinherited," which I also consider a fairly good book. He was partial to Upton Sinclair's kind of literature. "He writes so I can understand."

Another rather intelligent worker I encountered in Pittsburgh had begun "The Shadow Before," by William Rollins, Jr., (I had spoken to him of the latter as a writer of talent) "but," he said, "I didn't finish it. I couldn't. It's full of queer spelling, queer paragraphing, italics, and words in big type and all jumbled up in places, like parts of John Dos Passos's books. . . . And Dos Passos, by the way: why does he write so queer? I read '1919,' which everybody seemed to rave about when it came out, and, man, it was like solving puzzles from start to finish. Some of the things I solved were interesting and true, I don't say they weren't; but why should a writer want to turn reading into a game? Why should I spend a week or two puzzling over a book? Why shouldn't they write so a fellow who isn't altogether dumb could understand things right away? Do they want to make me feel stupid and humble before their genius, or is that art?"

In Flint, Michigan, I met a number of factory girls who had read Catherine Brody's "Nobody Starves" because they had heard they were in the story, and all of them declared to me they did not like the novel. I asked them why. The replies were that the story was not true; at least parts of it were untrue. The conditions among the workers in Flint were not quite as bad, they said, as the author described them; and a two days' stay in town, although the social conditions there were anything but good, inclined me to agree with them. One girl remarked: "I got sore

CATHERINE BRODY
Author of "Nobody Starves."

or me: and in all likelihood he is not the only such worker among the one-half of one percent of the proletariat that I said is more or less open to this sort of literature.

Two months ago, after not finding a single worker outside the radical circles in New York who had read Robert Cantwell's ingenious "The Land of Plenty," in which he attempted to deal with the problem of the seizure of the industries by workers, I sent copies of the novel to three rank-and-file labor leaders in the steel industry, with whom I had become acquainted during the convention of their union in Pittsburgh last June, asking them to read it and let me know what they got out of it or thought of it. Thus far I have received replies from two. One writes:

> Excuse me for not answering you sooner but I have very little time for reading. My wife started the book you sent me before I did, but she didn't finish it. My daughter didn't either. I guess it was too deep for them. I read it this last week and it sure is deep and I guess pretty radical at that, isn't it?

He obviously didn't get much out of it, to say nothing of his bothering his head about how he and his union would seize the steel mill in which he works. The other one writes: "What's this you sending me a book, a trick?" The third one probably also thought I had tried to play some sort of trick on him.

Left-wing authors and critics cannot dismiss these three workers by calling them "conservatives," "A. F. of L. fakers," or "dumbbells." The fact remains that they are workingmen, and not only workingmen but leaders of labor whom proletarian literature does not reach at all and, I fear, can never reach.

A few other facts remain to be considered and stressed. Proletarian literature, as I say, has been touching only a tiny segment of the proletariat which already is radical and, therefore, really in no great need of being propagandized any more. Non-radical workers, when they chance to read proletarian novels and

fortunate possessor of a middle-class mentality, but the facts remain that she is a worker, one of possibly six million female proletarians who have the same vanity and mentality; that she read the book only because she had been told she and her fellow workers were in it; that she and the other girls in that factory had *found parts of "Nobody Starves" untrue;* that, in consequence of reading the novel, they probably are farther removed from class-consciousness, radicalism, and the revolution than ever before; and that, therefore, it probably is fortunate, from the radical point of view, that the novel was not read by many other workers.

The same critics may wish to minimize the significance of the above-quoted worker's criticism of the artistic mannerisms in "The Shadow Before" and in the novels by Mr. Dos Passos, but the fact remains that he does not like "queer" writing, however effective it may seem to them

tarian novels in which the authors' artistic mannerisms and tricks obscure what they wish to communicate. In fine, most proletarian literature carries within itself its own defeat and futility as propaganda among the workers. It is defeated by the authors themselves before it reaches the propaganda channels. Then the channels are extremely short and full of obstructions, most of which can be described as shortcomings of proletarians as proletarians in the true Marxist sense.

Sooner or later, I think, proletarian authors will have to face and consider these facts, or else their defeat and futility as propagandists who are addressing themselves to the proletariat will be extended to them as writers.

It is very necessary that novels and other kinds of books and magazine stories and articles be written about the working class by proletarians or sons and daughters of proletarians from the viewpoints of

A CLUB LIBRARY IN THE U. S. S. R.
From "The Land without Unemployment" (International Publishers).

the working class and the revolution, or by non-proletarians capable of that viewpoint; but to have any effectiveness at all, they must not be about the proletariat alone, as if it existed in a kind of semi-vacuum, within which it is pitting itself against such semi-abstractions as "the mill," "the corporation," or "the boss"; and they should not be addressed to a revolutionary proletariat (in the strict Marxist sense), which does not and possibly never will exist in America. They must take in other socio-economic-cultural classes as well: for, let me repeat, the proletariat exists, as Marx has it, only in relation to other classes. Novels dealing only with workers (which means most contemporary proletarian novels) or novels in which the middle and upper classes are barely mentioned or suggested, cannot help being no more than small, ineffective things, no matter what their length or how excellently written; just as novels dealing only with the middle or upper classes—as, for instance, "Appointment in Samarra"—almost always are puny, unconvincing

had not brought him into contact with the upper-middle class, or if the villain in the story were not society? Another first-rate novel and social document, though not without flaws, is "The Foundry" by Albert Halper, which, however, would have been next to nothing as a story or anything else if Mr. Halper had not given almost as much space and the same objective consideration to the bosses as to the workers.

What I mean, in brief, is that attempts should be made at writing about human America as a whole without selecting and arranging truth as truth is selected and arranged in books and pamphlets issued by the Democratic and Republican campaign committees; that the intellectual-emotional content, for instance, of even so good a proletarian novel as "The Land of Plenty" could be the intellectual-emotional content of only a part of a novel which purported to be about the land of plenty, which is the U. S. A. We need attempts to be made at writing novels from the revolutionary or working-class point of view which will be cross-sections of American social structure and relations.

The vast American working class, as I say, does not read, certainly not the things that proletarian writers at the moment think it should read, and (for reasons which would take a book fully to enumerate and discuss) no one can make it read what it "should" read. This, I think, must be a matter of profound regret all around, but it shouldn't discourage a writer or cause him to stop writing. Besides, of course, nothing can stop a real writer who has something to say. He must write. So I would say, let him just write, write for whoever wants or may chance to read him. Some of the readers, not many, will be workers. Most of them will be middle-class people. Should any left-wing writer object to being read by the middle class? I think not. Great sections of the so-called bourgeoisie in America, unlike the European bourgeoisie, nowadays is very open —as it was in the early 1900's, when "The Jungle" appeared—to radical thoughts and

reading matter, and it seems to me that a few powerful revolutionary books about America, if not too long delayed, would do more to unfit large masses of the middle class for fascist movements than almost anything else conceivable.

And let me stress that when I say "revolutionary books" I mean primarily well written, *truthful* books, for in the long run nothing is more conducive to revolution than truth effectively presented. Most of the proletarian writing so far, as I have said, has not been overburdened with truth. Much of it, with its lies and exaggerations, has been downright counter-revolutionary in character. If it hasn't been counter-revolutionary in effect, it is only because it hasn't been read. The simple, incontestable facts about contemporary society are bad enough.

Working-class characters in many current proletarian novels and short stories are too virtuous, while nearly all middle-class and capitalistic characters (in the few novels that have such characters clearly drawn or more than suggested) are villains: and this not only in their social-economic functions, but as persons. There is little in real life to support this tendency of contemporary proletarian writers in delineating their characters. Nobody can dispute the nobility of the proletariat's consistently creative social function as compared with that of the capitalists; the working class, however, has no monopoly in charm, graciousness, generosity, and other virtues in personal life, just as the capitalists and the middle class have no monopoly in meanness, greed, and other personal faults and vices. No class in America has a monopoly in spiritual vacuity and corruption or general human sordidness; in fact, if anything, there probably is as much of it, relatively, among the workers as among the bosses. Mr. Halper makes this very clear in "The Foundry."

In a novel or non-fiction book dealing with life in America and written from the

WILLIAM ROLLINS, JR.
Author of "The Shadow Before."

revolutionary or leftist point of view, there should be, I think, no individual villains. Let the villains be the capitalist-democratic system, which is not a system but chaos, and which causes endless spiritual and physical waste and ruin not only among the workers but among the middle and upper class as well. Or let the books be so written, with such honesty, truthfulness, scope, and emotional sweep, that whoever will read them, regardless of class, if he has any soundness left in his mind and heart, will be filled with shame and indignation that we Americans, while creating a marvellous technical machine, have made such a mess of ourselves spiritually and culturally on this continent, which still is offering us the opportunity to build on it a great civilization. Such shame and indignation will, I think, inevitably find eventual expression in political action.

❧ ❧

Louis Adamic is a Slovenian who came to this country as a boy and has wide experience of industrial life in America. He is the author of a number of books, including "Dynamite" and "The Native's Return."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Decline of the Bourgeoisie

PRELUDE TO THE PAST. The Autobiography of a Woman. By R. G. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

I HOPE that the publishers, who have turned out a well-printed, good-looking book, will publish at least a small edition of this autobiography on rag paper, which will resist the ravages of time. For R. G.'s "Autobiography of a Woman" is not adequately described by the blurb on the dust cover which entices the reader by promising a story as fascinating as a novel. Little "Rosie," of scarcely veiled anonymity, has produced a social document of first rate importance; some day historians, recording the collapse of bourgeois civilization in the Europe of the twentieth century, will be looking for first hand sources. And then, I hope, this book will still be in existence. It is, I think, a more important autobiography than "The Education of a Princess." More important, because the Grand Duchess Marie recorded in the story of her own life the collapse of a feudal order which was already spent, historically speaking, long before the Grand Duchess Marie was born. But R. G. belongs to the bourgeois class, to what is, or was, perhaps, the most representative bourgeois class in Europe; the German Upper Bourgeoisie—rich, cultivated, assimilated German Jewry. And in telling the story of her own life, and telling it with candor, wit, and ruthless self-revelation, she casts a hard and ruthless light all about her, lighting up not only the foibles, weaknesses, decadences, and virtues of her own life and personality, but those of a class and a generation. For those who want to understand why Hitler came in Germany, and why, above all, the German bourgeoisie were so unresistant, this book is more valuable than a score of journalistic analyses.

R. G. *Photo by D'Ora, Paris.*

At the age of thirty-six, R. G. writes finis under an epoch. She is a very vital young woman in excellent health, but she knows that a life, one of her lives, is already finished. Rosie's life is typical in the sense that exaggeration in caricature reveals essential truth. Rosie is not an average woman. An average woman is not born in a home of exceptional wealth and exceptional cultivation. An average woman from such a home does not graduate *summa cum laude* from Heidelberg, the youngest in the class, or seek to earn a living (which she does not need) by founding an independent European news service, or get to know half the diplomats and journalists of Europe, be married twice, have a succession of lovers, and finally become the chief protagonist in a scandalous trial involving charges of international espionage. Rosie is not average, she is in a profound sense representative, a sort of apotheosis of the decaying bourgeoisie, and because she knows this, with a quivering, intellectually sensitive awareness, her autobiography gives no feeling of exhibitionism. It is not even an *apologia pro vita mea*. She lays her life upon the dissecting table, as a man with an obscure disease might will his body to a scientific laboratory. She tells us extremely intimate things, but with the disinterestedness of someone viewing a personality in history or fiction. She is her own character in search of an author—and she has found an excellent one.

It is this complete lack of *ressentiment* (a quality supposedly rare in women, yet characteristic of "The Education of a Princess" and that other scarcely known but very valuable autobiography "Twice Born in Russia," both by women) which justifies the outspoken use she makes of contemporary personalities. All sorts of celebrities appear in this book: Kerensky and Nitti and Karolyi and Karolyi's wife, Briand and Stresemann, German and French diplomats, famous journalists like Louise Weiss, Friedrich Sieburg, and Antonina Valentine; statesmen and bankers, writers and scientists. They do not escape shafts of wit, they are not always kindly treated, but who can resent barbs from one so unsparing toward herself?

"What a good thing Hitler doesn't see how the Jews are behaving themselves," she exclaims.

While the trial was going on, her name was being shrieked by the newsboys in the streets, her love-letters were being published; the great publishing House of Ullstein — as powerful as Hearst and Curtis rolled into one—was torn in dissension over her, who, still very young, had married the elderly head of the House, and was fighting its domestic battles in public. She is less anxious to clear her good nam
have
stopped. She is willing to make
the enemy—a peace without v
cause, well, partly because she sees the handwriting on the wall. She sees the steady rise of Hitler, feels, rather than analyzes, the danger to the bourgeois world and especially to the Jewish bourgeois world, of this dissension in the face of the enemy. And when she is acquitted and her good name is cleared, and all the charges of espionage vanish into air, she writes in her diary:

> How happy those unimaginative people must be who are sure they're in the right merely because they're not guilty of that for which they're being punished. It was true that I had done no spying. But had I not a thousand times deserved what was happening to me? Had I not entered without love into this marriage in order to keep another man? God did not intend marriage to be so indirect!

Thus speaks Rosie, and it is as if she says: True, the German bourgeoisie are not guilty of the charges against them. They did not seek heartlessly to oppress the workers. Nor are the German Jews guilty of that of which they are accused. They did not strike the German nation a knife-thrust in the back. But they were untrue to their own principles and they encompassed their own destruction, and there is poetic justice in that.

While Rosie is in the midst of a scandal which is being cried on the streets both she and her chief accuser are received everywhere. She accepts invitations. She concurs in the conspiracy of her lawyers that she "save face." But she notes in her diary:

> Every one in Berlin runs after everyone else for fear of missing something. This is a society without standards. I have no illusions. A real society would have to drop me.

Rosie writes of what she has seen—of the red revolution in Munich, "the gentlemen who were leading it were professors with gentle faces . . . they dwelt in the ethereal atmosphere of ideas and rational knowledge. They were not realists." She writes of "Der Geist" in Heidelberg. Out of Heidelberg was to come from a somewhat earlier class Dr. Josef Goebbels. She goes through the inflation, and no one has written better of its spiritual effects. She makes a companionate marriage which ends in divorce. In Paris, as a journalist, she is in and out of French and German society, has a very French love affair, and through it comes to understand better than most Germans ever can what the essence of the French idea of security is. And even in her love affair she is continually conscious that it plays against the backdrop of the Franco-German rapprochement. "We were never merely individuals to each other . . . we loved each other in the terms of the Treaty of Versailles." She frequents the salon of one of France's greatest liberals and pacifists and meets in those handsome and exquisite rooms all the personalities of "the Europe that Failed." Alas, it is her own Europe.

And her own great love for the German personality whom she calls "Kobra" is also intimately tied up with the course of politics. For him she makes her second marriage—to obtain power for herself, and for him. It ends in scandal, and the espionage trial. In between are Russia and Morocco, and accompanying her, step by step, the downward course of the German democracy and the class it represented. That class, too, hoped to obtain its rehabilitation against communism through Hitler.

But—as Rosie ends her book, as she wins her case before the German courts: "*Man muss gesiegt haben, um zu wissen dass man alles verloren hat.*"

Which means: "One must have won, in order to realize that one has lost everything."

Art to Mankind

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EXTOL the pliant line;
The wing adrift, the lifting wave, the falling star,
The poising diver's spring and curve
Dissolving on the air; the piston thighs
And reaching feet of runners; leap and
Lined from deep field to lay the runner low;
The leaning skater, as his strides engrave
Mirrored obsidian with a frosty vine!

Live also in the sway
Of the violinist to his bow whose voice is wail;
The wand that marshalled music draws
Weavingly forth; the dancer's bound
And fling and droop; the actor's subtle pause
And timing of mimetic sound;
The iridescence of the scale
Whose every note
Is orbed of color in the singer's throat;
And all articulate contours that flow
From moulding thumb upon the plastic clay!

The spectrum's alphabet
Through dust's most magic adjunct gleams in moistening oil;
Pristine the palette's language glows
On tautened canvas, that the eye can read
Even as protean words to hues transpose—
Painting and poetry, nimble at need
To the swift sense, for each a foil;
Till tonal seas
Of music whelm them both with harmonies
A little nearer to Man's cloudy dreams,
Glamorous yearning, and profound regret.

With such redresses drawn,
For ear and eye, from life and mind, the world atones
To all on their quotidian quest—
And with more various joy by far—and yet
Craving you search through nature without rest
New Erisichthons, sore beset
By famine in a field of stones,
Till, on the verge
Perhaps of death, like lightning may emerge
Insight that shows you blind
Blundering ephemera at great gates of Dawn!

Universal History

(*Continued from first page*)

> the memory but an illumination of the soul. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary. Their story will be told, not for their own sake, but in reference and in subordination to a higher series, according to the time and degree in which they contribute to the common fortunes of man.

This was Acton's purpose and aim, but it was a plan and a direction that he only inaugurated. An untimely death robbed the plan of the guidance that might have saved it. His successors set about to continue the magnificent enterprise.

In due time, a truly remarkable and useful historical series known as the "Cambridge Modern History" appeared. Recently it has been issued in a new and less expensive edition.

In form, this new edition, as the previous one, has followed the outline of Lord Acton. In content, it has fallen far short of his dream. "The Cambridge Modern History" does not afford an illumination of the soul. Perhaps Acton himself could not have done so, although Lord Bryce once expressed the belief that had Acton lived, this type of history would have come into being. It is true, however, that these thirteen volumes and the chapters that they contain lack, almost entirely, coördination and unity. As a work of reference the series is excellent and of great value, but as an attempt to coördinate the history of Europe, it fails completely. The relation of chapter to chapter is not made clear and what we have is a series of separate studies, some of them good and some of them decidedly mediocre. There are excellent chapters by Gardiner, Pollard, Maitland, J. N. Figgis, Gooch, each of them splendid bits of scholarship by masters in their own fields, but even these studies are individual and they do not form a coördinated and related whole. Again, alas, there are other chapters that are crammed with facts, summaries crowded with a mass of detail, that are an impossible burden to the memory and
and history are interwoven. Ours is a domain that reaches farther than the affairs of state. It is our function to keep in view and to command the movement of ideas which are not the effect but the cause of human events."

Ideas, in this series, receive really scant attention. With the exception of a few chapters in the earlier volumes and two excellent treatments, one of Descartes by Emile Boutroux and the other on nineteenth century historians by G. P. Gooch, ideas are relegated to a sort of limbo at the end of a volume, or, worse, as in the case of nineteenth century Italy, to the last four or five pages where they are piled in with a cursory discussion of literature and art. In most instances, political narrative, crammed with detail, reigns supreme. The result is a heavy, unassorted, and rather unpalatable banquet of fact.

Acton was the inheritor of two ages of history writing. In him there flowed the influence of the eighteenth century writers, with their broad, philosophical approach that predicted the advent of *Kulturgeschichte*. But this attitude was tempered and disciplined by his personal contact with the line of nineteenth century continental historians who laid down the laws of the scientific approach to history. In the "Cambridge Modern History," the first has been lost. The history is accurate, careful, and reliable, but it lacks the universality of the first director's vision. It is, indeed, doubtful if this series will lead the lay reader to a love and enthusiasm for Clio and her art. Factual history may be learned more easily from a textbook. Such history has its value and its service. But factual history is only the beginning. Beyond it lies the goal of a history written by the quiet philosopher who, like Lord Acton, "from a mountain summit high in air," surveys the landscape of man's efforts and thoughts and perceives, in distinct and connected outline, the pattern of our life on earth.

John M. S. Allison is professor of European history at Yale University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 20.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1934, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Why?

Literature has always been an uncertain employer offering honorable poverty more often than economic security, hence we should welcome, and do welcome, the rapidly increasing number of prizes offered for good books, nor are we inclined to question motives too closely. If a prize helps to sell a book that otherwise might be lost by the roadside, if it is just a new form of advertising, why well and good, provided a good book gets it and goes to readers who need to be assured of quality before they will risk their cash.

A realist, however, must admit that these monetary rewards are only consolation prizes, given to the makers of belles lettres in default of the great prize they all solicit, a public that will freely read. No crowning of merit, no forced draught of notoriety, no radio trumpeting that this or that book is worth the five thousand dollars its publishers have awarded it, can do as much for writers as a public eager for books.

Why is it so difficult to interest this immense reading public of ours in good books? Is it the magazine, the movies, the radio, its own nervous busyness? Charge a little to all of these distractions, and still the question is not answered. There must be a defect in education at the back of our little interest in good reading, which explains why our people, whose intelligence, if certainly not greater, is as certainly more active, than that of any other community on earth, are so easily content with the hors d'oeuvres, the cocktails, the soufflés, and the salads of reading.

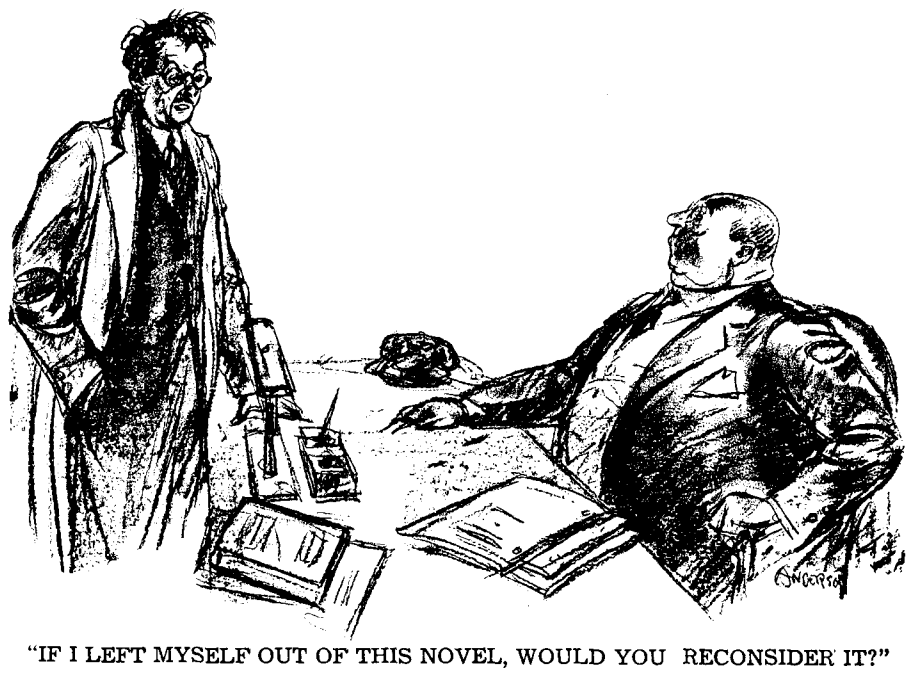
We speak of the "public," meaning actually of course the educated public, with money enough, and what is more important, leisure enough, to read. Hence it is fair to assume that the agencies of their education, the college, the school, and the home are to blame for the lamentable fact that in nine-tenths of the towns and cities of the United States only a very, very few new books and those often not the best are being read, and only a very few can even be obtained. If we could delude ourselves into believing that libraries, public and private, were taking up the slack, and that the educated American was content with a single new best seller because he was so busy reading in the riches of earlier literature, then, while living authors might rage, the social historian could calm his fears. But is this true? Will librarians testify to its truth? Or teachers? Or literary critics?

It is undeniable that of the thousands turned out by the colleges and universities only the tiniest minority are eager or willing or able to read extensively on their own. Why? It is undeniable that the hundreds of thousands turned out by the high schools take to the tabloids, the film magazines, and the pulps as if they had been born and bred in those briar patches, and scarcely read books at all. Here the educational authorities may well reply that the root of the trouble is in the home, where their influence is too weak to combat habit and imitation. But the colleges and the boarding schools have no such easy alibi. Why do they fail to make a reading public of their graduates? Or if this is too much to expect of a public, the sluggishness of the average intellect and the pressure of routine experience being what they are, why do they fail to give us a sturdy phalanx of real readers who carry on with their minds into the only form of adult education which has ever been impressively successful—good reading?

Please, in replying, do not say that all modern books are trash. They are not, and never have been. Please do not say that there is no time for reading. There is time for eating, loving, dying, and also for resting, sporting, talking—time for everything necessary and all things really desirable.

Any other answers will be welcome.

Official Polish statistics show that over 6,000,000 citizens of that country are still unable to read and write, and a campaign has now been started to do away with this extraordinary illiteracy. Every one who can read and write is being asked to teach somebody who cannot.



"IF I LEFT MYSELF OUT OF THIS NOVEL, WOULD YOU RECONSIDER IT?"

Letters to the Editor: *Curing the Depression; Three Whitman Items*

Mr. Pantaleoni Replies

SIR:—My difficulty in answering Mr. Barlow's criticisms [*Saturday Review, November 24*] is due to the fundamental difference in our points of view. I think it might be helpful, therefore, if I state as concisely as I can certain basic conceptions which I believe to be self-evident if the observer will honestly face the facts.

I believe our depression was caused by too much credit which enabled a large portion of the population to consume more than that portion produced. While these credits were carried as assets everyone thought the millennium had come. When the creditor discovered that instead of lending he had been giving away his own property and was either then bankrupt or would be shortly, we had our depression. In other words, the boom was due to an increase in purchasing capacity which could not be sustained because the increase was in excess of the production capacity.

It would seem to me axiomatic that any attempt to continue this fictitious increase will plunge us further into the morass and will not help us back on our feet.

There is only one way to bring back prosperity and that is to reduce costs, reduce prices, work harder, and increase efficiency or, to put it more concisely, to *increase* the per capita production so that purchasing capacity based on productive capacity will increase.

From this point of view I would answer Mr. Barlow's first criticism by stating that if the objective is to increase the per capita production it is a matter of secondary importance whether this objective is obtained, as in times past, by a policy of laissez faire or obtained, as in Italy and England, by means of a greater or lesser concentration of management in the hands of the Government. There is evidence that the Sherman Act, the Clayton Act, and similar legislation has increased costs and there is much to be said for a temporary concentration of management during the crisis either in private hands or in the Government in order to cut costs and increase efficiency more quickly. If this is the objective, I have no objection to experimenting with new methods of attaining it.

The tragedy, as I see it, however, is that Government regulation has been devoted to just the opposite end, namely, to increase costs, increase prices, and shorten hours; in other words, to reduce the per capita production.

We must take care of the starving but let us do it by the cheapest method possible, a dole if necessary, and, in any event, let us admit that such payments will not only not encourage the resumption of business but, on the contrary, will constitute a further drain upon business.

Mr. Barlow's remarks about the laissez faire principle of scarcity are, from my point of view, equally beside the point. The decrease in production which always occurs in a depression under a laissez faire economy cures nothing in and of itself. It is a further disaster. But it does provide, if it operates under a laissez faire economy, the necessary stimulus to increase efficiency, reduce costs and prices, and so increase per capita production. The destruction of surplus, as applied under the New Deal, however, accomplishes nothing except the destruction of wealth because (a) all producers are cut pro rata instead of the marginal high cost producer being eliminated, and (b) there is not only no reduction in price but there is an increase, as though a surplus was a surplus irrespective of price.

The horrible irony of the New Deal is that there is nothing remotely new in it. It consists of the application on a gigantic scale of the same philosophy that precedes and follows every boom, namely, that you can stimulate business and either continue a boom or come out of a depression, as the case may be, if only people will borrow and spend enough.

In 1929 the consumer borrowed from manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers by purchasing goods on installment and by selling labor for excessive wages, and from investors, banks, and speculators through the proceeds of mortgages, European government bonds and domestic tax exempt bonds of every town, county, and state in the Union. All of this was justified even as late as 1930 as a stimulus to business. The depression resulted nevertheless.

Now we have the Government making gigantic loans and in many cases outright gifts to the consumer and justifying it for the same reason, that it stimulates business. One would almost think that in electing the Democratic party we had elected to office every member of the 1929 Wall Street gang with the shade of Mr. Coolidge as chairman.

If a credit inflation that broke the record for all times was insufficient to prevent a depression how can anyone believe that further credit inflation can bring us out of the depression? Will we never learn that in a society based on barter (and we can dismiss communism in this country for psychological reasons if for no other) each member of the community must pay as he goes?

GUIDO PANTALEONI.

New York City.

Whitmaniana

SIR:—I have discovered and identified three uncollected Whitman articles contributed to a Brooklyn newspaper during the years 1860 and 1862. It has not hitherto been known that Whitman was ever associated with this newspaper. The means of positive identification were provided by the manuscript material included in an article, "Walt Whitman in 1862," published in the November, 1934, issue of *American Literature*. The first article is a "puff" in the form of a review that Whitman himself wrote. The second describes the 200th anniversary of the oldest Presbyterian Church in America. The third is an account of an old Episcopal graveyard in Fulton Street, which was being excavated. Though the last two articles are concerned largely with local antiquarian lore, they also contain some passages of an autobiographical nature, which will no doubt prove of some interest to Whitman students.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG.

2003 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Repeal—a Beginning

SIR:—As a patron and admiring reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature* from its first issue, I wish to express my surprise and regret at the admission to the first page—or any page—of Mr. Schoonmaker's vinous article. A colleague of mine suggests that it probably brought a liberal subsidy to the periodical. I wonder if it presages conspicuous advertisements of wines and liquors, on your pages. I at least believe the last statement, "Repeal . . . was not an end but a beginning."

W. S. GARDIS.

DeLaine, Fla.

Yahoo

SIR:—The Montclair Free Public Library had a request about two weeks ago for the meaning of the American Indian word "Yahoo." It was not to be found in the Library, so they called the local Art Museum which has a fine Indian collection. The Museum gave up finally, but on their advice the Library consulted the Museum of Natural History. Someone also suggested a Yale professor who is an outstanding authority on the subject, as well as the head of the Indian Bureau.

Meanwhile time had passed, and the librarian who was about to do some more correspondence on the problem telephoned the borrower to make sure it would not be too late. The inquirer turned out to be a colored lady who was taking a course, and the course, after some questioning, turned out to be in spiritualism. It seems the instructor had suggested that each student bring to class a name, an unusual one preferably, which would be suitable for her "control." The borrower explained to the library assistant that "Yahoo" was her own choice because as "I'se sittin' in mah room thinkin' and it just came to me!" Would this come under "mind-reading?"

HELEN TRAVIS ZIEGLER.

Free Public Library
Montclair, N. J.

A Correction

SIR:—The book printed by me for the Limited Editions Club was not "Undine," as stated in the Compleat Collector of October 27th, but "Daphnis and Chloe," in the George Moore translation, with illustrations by Ruth Reeves.

PORTER GARNETT.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH. By FRANZ WERFEL. *Viking*. An engrossing story of human nature defiant of untoward fate.

THE SMART SET ANTHOLOGY. Edited by BURTON RASCOE and GROFF CONKLIN. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. A collection of the best contributions to the old *Smart Set* magazine.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! By PEGGY BACON. *McBride*. Portraits and caricatures of celebrities.

This Less Recent Book:

PORGY. By DUBOSE HEYWARD. *Doubleday, Doran*. A story of Negro Charleston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murat of the U.S. Army

GLORY HUNTER. By Frederick F. Van de Water. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SINCE first in my boyhood I read about George Armstrong Custer, his career as a cavalry leader has been invested for me with romantic glamour. I think at one time that I knew almost by heart General Godfrey's account of Custer's last battle that appeared in the old *Century Magazine* in the early nineties; just as, in my grandmother's attic in her house in Pennsylvania, I remember absorbedly devouring the magazine story of General Forsyth at Beecher's Island. I have at least three of Mrs. Custer's books about her Army life. The widow of Captain Yates who died at the Little Bighorn with Custer lived in my grandmother's town. I cherished the memory that shortly after graduation from West Point my father as a young Lieutenant had been sent on at least one wild-goose-chase after vanishing Indians in the Southwest. All I could ever get out of him was a brief and whimsical account of boredom during that march and remarks about the odd literature he found at a certain ranch-house. He was a poetic humorist, not an Indian fighter.

Probably the youth of today thinks little of the Year of a Hundred Years in which Custer died, if anything at all, and Custer's is a forgotten name. But at one time this disobedient soldier made himself a comet in the military heavens. And now Frederick F. Van de Water has written his definitive biography. It closes the Custer chapter. It tells everything about the man, shows his strength and his weakness, and stamps his towering military ambition with the right phrase in the title. Custer was a "fighting fool," but always, at the bottom of the American heart, there will remain a spark easily kindled to enthusiasm for such a character. The man was one of those peculiar individuals who actually didn't know what fear was; and most of us would like to be like that, however much imagination and intellect we should have to sacrifice by so being.

Custer was a romancer; and I think he saw himself always as "The Boy General." He was an actor. One of his greatest intimates later on was the actor, Lawrence Barrett. He was a dramatizer. He gave a circumstantial account of a court martial proceeding against him at West Point, at the end of his Academy career, over which my grandfather is supposed to have presided as Judge-Advocate. Yet the Academy records hold no mention of any such court. The ego of Custer was enormous, and over and over again he sacrificed his men to that ego. He was also a rabid sentimentalist, with the intensely callous obverse side of such a temperament. He was always an insurgent and a wild spirit and hated discipline. Yet, being a law unto himself, he would whip his command into shape with ruthless discipline. But one must always remember that his extraordinary physique made him able to meet hardships, forced marches, and the most exigent demands of frontier life with an endurance far beyond that of the ordinary man. He seemed never to tire; he was almost literally a man of iron.

Perhaps you think of Custer chiefly as an Indian fighter and forget his record in the Civil War. If so you will learn a great deal about his connection with Sheridan, the Shenandoah, how "Old Curly" (as the mere youth was called in the Union Army) executed some of Mosby's men ("He was one of the doomed men whose judgment always is right"), his exploits at Five Forks, his Napoleonic "general order" to his division after Lee's surrender, and many more fascinating details. You will read of the "Glory-Hunter" in the three separate sections of the book as "Soldier," "Indian Fighter," and "Hero." The story naturally rises to a crescendo at the Little Big Horn, a needless and useless slaughter. You will incidentally gain a good deal of sympathy for the American Indian, which, if you have never read the late Helen Hunt Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor," will be salutary. You will learn a good deal about the failures and hypocrisies at Washington, of "human greed, mendacity, and robbery," and acquire a realistic—and often grim and terrible—view of the "westward course of empire" in the United States. While telling the graphic story of a theatrical old Army figure, Mr. Van de Water conveys well the atmosphere of several eras.

There are deep black marks against the "Murat of the American Army." General Custer was a tangle of contradictions. His wife "enshrined her husband in the folklore of America." Now Mr. Van de Water, without fear or favor, gives us a complete and unsparing analysis of the man. I congratulate him on an excellent biography that says the final word.

Superb Decapitations

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. By Peggy Bacon. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

PEGGY BACON is practically my favorite draughtswoman, if there is such a word. She can draw like nobody's business and she excels at satire. Now she has collected nearly forty drawings of various well-known Americans. But they are not caricatures, they are portraits, except in several instances that do not seem to me the most successful. For instance, she has pulled out Robert Nathan's face like elongated rubber to make him more of an El Greco than he really is, and made Morris Ernst a little too diabolic (though the thumbnail sketch of him on the opposite page, as a jack-in-the-box, hits him off exactly). I think she has darkened Sandburg too much, and her portraits of Dorothy Parker, Carl Van Doren, and "F. P. A." don't satisfy me. Thus I make my criticisms first. But I have no criticisms for any of the verbal notes she jotted down while she made her preliminary sketches, which also are reproduced in the book. They are uncommonly acute portraits in words. They couldn't be better.

HEYWOOD BROUN

He "looks like a stage elephant made of two men." —Caricature by Peggy Bacon, from "Off with Their Heads."

Among the drawings her supreme successes, to me, are that magnificent record of the abundance and extraordinary housekeeping of Heywood Broun, the superb portrait of "Red" Lewis at the typewriter (his complete attitude as a creative artist!), the development of Royal Cortissoz toward his long segar, the trenchant disgust of General Hugh Johnson, the eyes and mouth of Lawrence Langner, the beautiful composition of George Gershwin's head, the iron-clad fragility of Lillian Gish, Georgia O'Keefe's speaking likeness, the design of the Rivera dome, the pursed shyness of Mrs. Sabin, the "narrow façade" of Muriel Draper, Bill Rollins's nose and mouth, Sigmund Spaeth's "meaty head," and "Bunny" Wilson's hopeless stare at nothingness.

About a dozen of the people she portrays I have never seen, so I can't tell about the likenesses; but always the draughtsmanship is strong and beautiful. The drawing and description of Alexander Brook are among the best. The thumbnail sketch of him painting is delirious. One should look well and earnestly at these little supplementary drawings, for they tell as much about the persons as the portraits do. The Dorothy Parker one, for instance—removing a diminutive man from her soup. Miss Bacon's portrait of herself is scathing, but, having only seen her once or twice, I can testify that it is a libel.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

"Looks overheated, corrugated, modest, and oafish. A country-store type."—From "Off with Their Heads."

There's nothing more to say about the book, except to advise you to get it if you are at all interested in capsule comment in words on prominent, chiefly artistic, Americans, and having a grand time looking at portraiture as it always ought to be. There's a picture of the President, too, and one of Mayor La Guardia!

Mexico In Growth

FIESTA IN MEXICO. By Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.

BOTH the virtues and the faults of this very readable book derive from Miss Fergusson's informal attitude toward her subject matter. She has written what is essentially a good travel book, one praiseworthily free of the romanticized and sensational half-truths that diminish the value of much writing about Mexico. She has not only been present when fiestas were taking place; she has observed them sharply and returned to record clearly what she saw and heard.

"Fiesta in Mexico" is not a pretentious book. It suffers, in fact, from not having attempted enough, from not having essayed the perhaps impossible task of catching the spirit of the preposterous and moving thing a fiesta is, with its mélange of religious rites, vulgar entertainment, music, costume, and dancing. Those who have heard René d'Harnoncourt recreate the annual fiesta of Huejotzingo will know what exciting material the fiesta can become in the hands of a man who has felt it as an event in his life, who can unify his details because they have relevance to his personal experience. Miss Fergusson has limited the value of her work by contenting herself with simple recounting.

During one of her digressions into generalization, passages in which she miraculously escapes the pits into which Anita Brenner and Carleton Beals often stumble, Miss Fergusson does some of her best writing. In the chapter called "Modern City Fiesta" she proves that there is so much vigor in the fiesta, such persistence of the desires from which it evolves, that it can survive even Mexico's transition from a continuously present sixteenth century into the continuously changing twentieth. "Mexico," she says, "in its growing pains is thrilling to the mind because it is growth. It is depressing to the spirit because change lacks the restfulness which the spirit needs for its soothing." It is possible to disagree with each of these sentences in part. But they suggest answers to the question of what qualities make Mexico a subject on which most travelers have emotional opinions.

The illustrations, by Valentin Vidaurreta, are quite undistinguished. They are peculiarly un-Mexican, for they lack vigor and motion.

Little Man Chooses the World Inside

THE WORLD OUTSIDE. By Hans Fallada. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL A. NOCK

WHEN a little man, without much wit or much courage or much knowledge of men and their ways, is sent to prison for five years, what happens to him? What goes on in the prison, and what effect does it have on the little man? More important, what happens to the little man when his prison days are over? How does he meet the world outside?

In his new novel, Hans Fallada shows the effects of prison life on a man who has no claims whatever to distinction. Willi Kufalt is not bad, at least not very bad; he is not ambitious, nor able, nor even sentimentally attractive. He goes to prison for embezzlement, and during his five years of incarceration he learns the underhand ways of the criminal: he learns to cheat, to steal, to lie; he learns homosexuality; he learns that superficial slyness which will deceive other prisoners and some guards, without learning that it is merely superficial; he learns to distrust men thoroughly worthy of distrust.

Nevertheless, when he returns to the world outside, he makes an honest effort to live as he should, and to earn his bread. His family having thrown him off, he falls into the hands of hypocritical uplifters, and is thoroughly exploited by them. One attempt after another to make his own way, and to regain his own trivial place in society, is met with senseless opposition and bad luck. He was, in his own words, a criminal, and is a criminal, and will be a criminal: no one will let him forget it. Finally he gives up trying to get along among honest men, whose despicable righteousness is too much for him; he commits crimes—mean and trifling crimes, for he has not the nerve and the ability to do anything worth doing—and returns with relief, to prison, where he at least understands how to get along.

The world outside was simply too much for the little man. He had learned other ways in prison; he had become the trifling criminal.

A great number of the men in our prisons, as well as in those in Germany, are Willi Kufalts—little men who would do right if they had a chance, little men who would rather be decent than not, but do not quite know how to meet the world of decency. In our prisons, as in German prisons, little men learn to think wrong, and to live wrong. And here, as in Germany, little men are apt to be driven back to prison by the changes in their own characters made by prison life, and by the attitude of the world outside.

Hans Fallada has not shown us a character deserving of much respect, but he has shown us one which could have been turned to the right way. Willi Kufalt is lost to society because society will not honorably worry its head about him: it is no great loss, to be sure, but it is an unnecessary loss.

In dealing with his little man, the author has shown a sympathy which is moving, without, in the words of Artemus Ward, slopping over. There are no sentimental passages, calculated to start the charitable tear; there is no stepping down from a severe objectivity. Willi Kufalt lives his own life in his author's pages, and has no apologist.

Trifling people, living on the ugly fringe of society, are apt to be very dull, and their surroundings are apt to be disgusting. But Fallada has shown his man in these surroundings in such fashion as to keep alive the reader's interest. Here is no tract, and no piece of vulgarity—although ugly words of four letters (one of which the translator does not seem able to spell) do crop up now and then. The artist has been, as is proper, no photographer: he has made of his material a work of art. He has made of the career of Willi Kufalt an interesting and impressive story; and he has written in such a way that he ought to stimulate speculation as to the fate of the Willi Kufalts in our own prisons and in our world outside.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Man Has Passed This Way"

THE PAGEANT OF CUBA. By Hudson Strode. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by W. H. BALDWIN

WHEN Humboldt, the German naturalist, visited Cuba at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the island had already experienced three hundred years of civilization. Extinction of the original natives — a happy, friendly, credulous lot—had been virtually accomplished in the first thirty years, and the missionary zeal of the Spanish invaders had fed thereafter on a growing stream of slaves from Africa.

Hence, according to Mr. Strode, the botanical notes of the naturalist were interspersed with some comments on the inhumanity of slavery. These notes also included a report of the wanton slaughter of young birds on their nests by sailors from his own ship.

"In vain we reproved them for their cruelty," Humboldt is quoted as having written. ". . . At our arrival a profound calm had prevailed in this secluded spot; now everything seemed to say: Man has passed this way."

LOADING SUGAR CANE
From "The Pageant of Cuba"

Mr. Strode's pageant begins on October 28, 1492, when Columbus landed and "took ceremonious possession," and it ends on May 29, 1934, with the formal abrogation of the Platt Amendment. The Humboldt incident is reported in its proper chronology; but here it is taken out of sequence, because the remark wrung from a naturalist by man's inhumanity to birds is wrung with equal bitterness from the reader of this chronicle of man's bestiality to man. First, Spanish explorers butchering, mutilating, and exterminating the "Indians." Next, Spanish adventurers butchering and mutilating imported slaves who resisted extermination. Then Spanish overlords starving and butchering the Cuban population prior to 1898. And finally, during the Machado terror, Cubans themselves butchering and mutilating their own kind.

Of course there is intermittent relief in this stream of rapacity and greed: here and there a captain-general with some other thought than hurrying back to Spain as fast as possible with as much wealth as possible. The ten-months' rule of the English in 1762-63. Hatuey, Herédia, Placido, José Martí, Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, Maceo among the native sons. Máximo Gómez, the Santo Domingan. General Wood and the yellow fever heroes. Estrada Palma, the first president of Cuba. The students, men and women who dared oppose Machado and his gunmen. Sumner Welles, whose service to Cuba is still too recent to be finally evaluated. Were it not for such as these the history of Cuba would be too hopeless to chronicle.

There is further hope in the background against which the pageant of men passes. It is Cuba, the island, enchanting in her sky and sea, her mountains and rivers, her verdure, birds, and tropic smells; vital in her ability to arise from being trampled under foot, to survive and cover up mortal wounds, to support life. This inherent strength of beauty and this tenacity of life break through the passing show whenever it seems to the reader impossible that Man or Nature could bear more.

Mr. Strode has written for those who have been more than Coney Island trippers to the playgrounds and night clubs of Havana. His abiding faith in the continuity of Cuba sustains him through the cloudbursts of blood and misery that have drenched the island so frequently during its four centuries of experience with civilization; and that faith the reader, too, absorbs. Further, his staging of the pageant is a considerable feat of selection and condensation.

Naturally, emphasis is on the more recent history involving American relations which became active with our intervention in 1898. His comments on and estimates of men and deeds in this latter phase seem, on the whole, to be digested fairly from rather full and authentic information. It will be interesting to see how they will check with the official report and recommendations which the Commission on Cuban Affairs of the Foreign Policy Association is expected to publish in another month or so.

From his Foreword through to his Afterword, the author has written with fine appreciation of the basic forces and with restraint as to surface events. It is exasperating, therefore, to bump up against his passing references to the Negroes. That Cuba has an interracial problem deriving from slave days, is just as true as it is in the United States. But these problems are quite dissimilar in their concepts and emphases. A forthright statement of the problem as Cuba sees it would have been a proper part of the "pageant." There is no valid reason, however, for sniping at it in terms of our white South.

Massaguer, artist, publisher, patriot, and exile during the Machado regime, depicts the pageant in a drawing which is used on both the jacket of the book and the inside covers. The publishers list the photographers of a dozen unrelated Cuban scenes grouped in the back of the book, but no reference is made to the distinguished artist.

The Rise of *Smart Set*

(Continued from first page)

wanted to write, the younger group of authors imparted to their work a buoyancy which was the distinguishing characteristic of the magazine throughout its span of life. This was no mere group of self-appointed revolutionaries, trying to put literature on its feet. They were not selfconscious about it, and made no effort to attract attention to themselves by leaving out verbs or inverting punctuation.

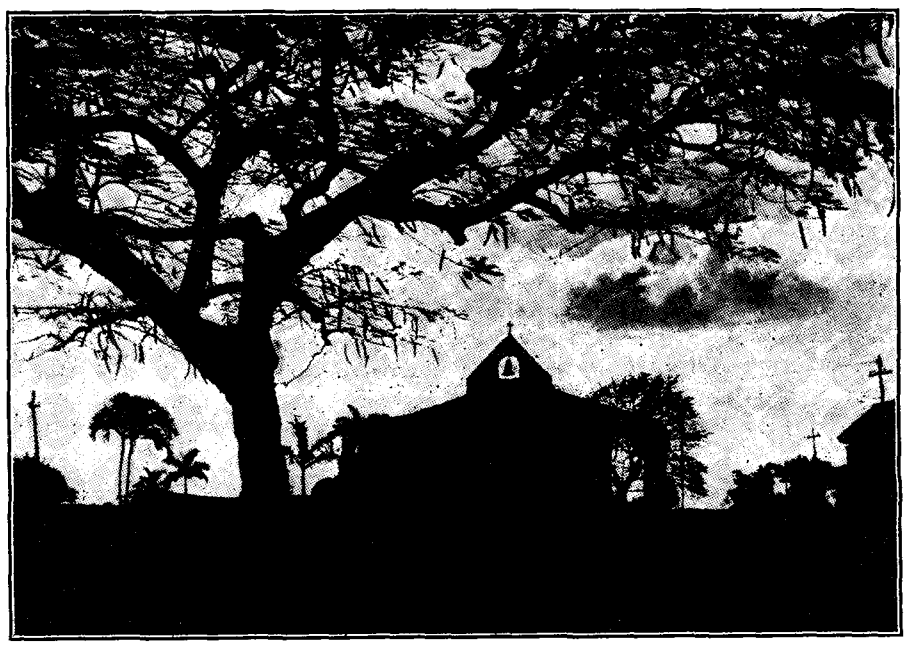
Although many of these writers have since become famous, more than a few even of these have never done better work than they did for *Smart Set*. Many others were never able to conform to popular demand, and quietly disappeared. The list of names in the table of contents of the Anthology is interesting. *Smart Set* was never able to pay big prices for contributions, and yet in the list there are men and women who now receive as much for a single story as *Smart Set* paid for the material of an entire number. Here are a few typical contributors, taken at random: Lilith Benda, Scott Fitzgerald, Dashiell Hammett, Hendrik Van Loon, Sinclair Lewis, Laurence Stallings, Stephen Vincent Benét, Lord Dunsany, Donn Byrne, Albert Payson Terhune, Eugene O'Neill, Ruth Suckow, Edgar Saltus, W. E. Seabrook, O. Henry, Somerset Maugham, Theodore Dreiser, Nunnally Johnson, Deems Taylor, Dorothy Canfield, Dorothy Parker, Ben Hecht, John Reed, John Macy.

The question naturally arises, why, with such an array of talent, did the magazine cease to exist? The answer is that it would probably still exist had not Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan realized that they had gone as far as humanly possible with a publication of this character, and with the idea of broadening their field, founded *The American Mercury*. It might have been possible to find some one to carry on their work, but the magazine changed hands, and the new owners had different ideas. Regular contributors, unaware of the change, received returned manuscripts informing them that there had been a change in policy, and *Smart Set* now wanted "snappy action stories."

The average person who buys a magazine wants snappy stuff, something to while away an hour with no mental effort. Snappy stuff gets the big circulation, big circulation gets advertising, and there the profits lie. Under Mencken and Nathan, *Smart Set*, selling at twenty-five cents a copy and carrying almost no advertising, paid modest dividends, but nothing to compare with those purveyors of the everlasting fable of how the perfect hero overcomes tremendous obstacles and marries the perfect heroine. The new owners wanted profits. So chromos of girls' faces appeared on the covers.

Mr. Rascoe's history of *Smart Set* which prefaces the Anthology is quite as interesting as any of the other items in the volume. It is interesting even when it is incorrect. One of his choicest stories relates how John Adams Thayer, owner of *Smart Set*, discovered Willard Huntington Wright, after that amazing person had already been his editor for some time. He goes on to say that Wright nearly scared the life out of Thayer with his "snarling voice" and "fierce, upturned mustaches, trimmed like the Kaiser's and with the Kaiser's scowl." The fact is that Thayer engaged Wright before the latter resigned as literary editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, and when they first met, no hirsute foliage concealed that frank and youthful countenance. Wright's whiskers were an inspiration of his European period, when he was writing "Modern Painting."

There are several other inadvertent flights into the realm of fiction. I give place to no man in admiration for the genius of Wright, at least down to the writing of "The Greene Murder Case," but he was definitely lacking in that flexibility of mind which makes great editors. He was



MISSION HOUSE WITH ROYAL POINCIANA TREE, ISLE OF PINES
From "The Pageant of Cuba"

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT
From a 1913 issue of Smart Set

positive and uncompromising, and sincerely convinced that anyone who didn't like what he liked was an osseocaput. And instead of the circulation of *Smart Set* going up by leaps and bounds under his editorship, as Mr. Rascoe avers, it went down, according to other literary historians who were close to the magazine, by bumps and dives. With all his admiration for Wright, Mr. Rascoe may not have noticed that in his own Anthology there are comparatively few pieces published during the Wright regime, even in proportion to its duration. Mr. Rascoe treats the earlier years of the magazine as rather unworthy of serious comment. Many, however, will remember it under the editorship of Norman Boyer as being quite interesting, and even a little racy. And there are not a few selections in the Anthology which antedate the Wright-Mencken-Nathan era.

However, Mr. Rascoe has done a fine piece of work in this history, and it is very easy to be misinformed upon such matters. It is impossible, however, to escape a passing suspicion that he selected Wright as his editorial hero, perhaps subconsciously, because of resentment against Mencken, who declined to permit any of his *Smart Set* writings to be used in the Anthology. Mr. Rascoe has done a very neat job of snipping off bits of Mencken cuticle and nailing them to his barn door, and he can feel reasonably satisfied that he has pretty well evened up matters with the Sage of Baltimore. This does not, in any degree whatsoever, alter the fact that Mencken and Nathan made a great team as editors of the *Smart Set*.

Nathan is, on the other hand, adequately represented. No tooter of his own horn, a mental aristocrat without the least taint of snobbery, Nathan is less known than any other of the men who made *Smart Set*.

Many of the selections in the Anthology have already been printed in collections issued by the authors themselves, but many of the best reappear here for the first time. Cabell's "Some Ladies and Jurgen," for example, became the core of a book. Although Thyra Samter Winslow has had many of her short stories printed between covers, "Orphant Annie," one of her most superb performances, is here rescued from oblivion. Likewise the story which Nathan is said to consider one of the finest *Smart Set* ever published, "The End of Elsa Mentieth," by Lilith Benda. So it goes. To discuss this book in detail would require many columns of space, and would serve no specially important end.

It is not important, even, that a memorial should be erected to *Smart Set*. If there were nothing to record but the historical fact that it lived and died, there would be no excuse for this large book. But there was much in the files of *Smart Set* that deserved to be perpetuated, and the Anthology is therefore an important contribution to American literature. There is material in those files for several more volumes, equally large. Perhaps Mencken will relent, and permit "Mr. Veblen and the Cow" or "Heliogabalus" to be used if Mr. Rascoe will attempt a second collection.

Randolph Bartlett was a contributor to Smart Set. *He later became associated with motion pictures. He is now on the staff of the New York* Sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Interpolation

Minnesota, November.

I WAS comparing notes with Old Quercus who by happy coincidence has been travelling the Middle and North West ("the Nation's Granary") at the same time as myself.

I return with much to consider, said Old Quercus. I was able to mingle with the inhabitants without being recognized as an alien. A gentleman who sat next to me at breakfast in the *Victory,* that fine train that runs between Chicago and the Twin Cities, said I looked very like the Baer family in Minneapolis. Other comments were less flattering. *The Minnesota Daily* ("the world's largest college newspaper") said I looked like "a research expert in economic statistics" and described my hair as "oxford-grey." A reporter in Lincoln, Nebraska, said I was "a short plump man of about 50." But perhaps the heaviest blow came from the hand of the Chicago *Tribune.* I was scheduled to speak at the Woman's Club of Evanston on the safely noncommittal topic of "Fifty Golden Florins." I had in mind the fine passage in Petrarch's will (it was the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh who first told me of it) where he bequeathes to his friend Bocaccio "fifty golden florins to buy him a winter-gown for his evening studies." But the Chicago *Tribune* announced that I was going to lecture on "Fifty Golden Elfins." Surely this was malice.

Chicago, by the way, nowhere so pleasantly shows its essential folksiness, its instinctively small-town spirit, as in the tone of its Social Notes. I see in this morning's paper:

> The stunning looking young woman sitting with the Charles H. Morses in their main floor box at the opera the other night was Miss Sally Owens of St. Paul, Minn.

You will never understand the affectionate and cheerful soul of Old Loopy unless you read her Society News with care. Her temperament is such that she gravely resents allusions to smalltownishness; but it is in small towns that one finds the best soil for artistic originality. The best ejaculation of the great cereal heart was a slip of paper under the glass bureau-top in the Hotel Cornhusker in Lincoln. It said, in part:

> . . . this is a human house, and not a soulless institution.
>
> May you rest well, "full of sweet sleep and dreams from head to feet!" May you be healthy under this roof, and no evil befall you, body or mind!
>
> May every letter, telegram or telephone call you receive be of a kind to make you happier! We are all travelers from the port of birth to the port of death—for a little space you lodge with us—and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you—so God keep you, stranger, and bring you your heart's desire!
>
> Mizpah,
>
> A. Q. SCHIMMEL,
> Managing Director.

Among many adventures (continued Old Quercus) one of the pleasantest was climbing up four flights in a lecture-hall at the University of Chicago to attend a discussion class in the Introductory Course in the Humanities. It occurred to me that it was perhaps unfortunate that the Humanities are assigned to the hour immediately after lunch, when the human ember (like Montaigne's famous raven) "retracts into a dull and dumpish stupor," but I greatly admired Professor Norman McLean's brilliant and engaging conduct of the argument. He probed his somewhat pedestrian pupils with styptic questioning and I think that several months of that discipline may teach them some notion of the process and pursuit of thought. I was apprehensive that he might ask me some questions about Aristotle's Ethics (that being the topic of the hour) and when his lambent eye swept the back row I trembled. I couldn't tremble much, however, for I found that the old varsity lecture-room chairs are now too tight for my figure. The note-taking shelf made a deep impression on me. So for an hour the class argued "What is the Chief Good of Man and How can it be Realized?" This exacted from the students definitions of a Chief Good, and of Man. It was agreed, under the shade of Aristotle and the scalpel of Professor McLean, that the Chief Good of Man is "the workings of the soul in accordance with Right Reason." And (as the magazine serials say) go on from there.

The chapel of the university, designed by Goodhue, is of admirable beauty. It will take a long time, however, for the feeling of mingled humanities and divinities to immigrate into it. Seen empty it has a bare and static perfection; it lacks emotion. One solitary student was sitting in a front pew, engrossed in reading. What kind of devotion, I wondered, and walked past. In this building dedicated to eternity he was reading *Time.*

Minneapolis, Quercus confided, is one of the most hospitable cities on earth. Never suppose that the blood is cooled by that strong northern air. Nowhere else do reporters actually meet one at the vestibule of the sleeping-car and insist on siphoning off your poor notions before you have even bathed or shaved. Nowhere else have I ever received a kind and gracious letter from the Mayor welcoming me to the city and asking if he can help to make it enjoyable. Like the steampipes of the University heating plant that run so close to the surface of the lawns they keep the grass green beyond season, the great auricles and ventricles of the Viking heart keep Minnesota's complexion flushed with simple kindliness. Where else, asked Old Quercus, will you find so amazing a place to speak in as the vast Northrup Auditorium? Its huge gallery looms above the agitated guest like the cliffs of a Norwegian fjord; far away, like a settlement of sea-gulls on top of Gibraltar, you see small faces watching; yet so efficient are the overtone devices that you seem to be talking to them hand in hand. Even Messer Durant and Messer Pitkin, those dioscuri of delivery, are said to have gulped a little when they first saw that house in convocation. And poor old Quercus, a very uncertain soliloquist, was correspondingly shaken. But the great organ thunders, several thousand voices sing *Hail Minnesota,* and some magic is afoot that makes that enormous place seem more intimate and amiable than many a hall one tenth its size.

Since I am specially interested (said Old Quercus) in civilization's various attempts to build new shapes for itself (and literature as well as mechanics and architecture has experimented in streamline forms and found that economy sometimes means beauty) I was particularly happy to have a chance to see the new home of a scholar near Minneapolis which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and represents the old master's latest ingenuities in the form of a private dwelling. It is a fascinating Euclidean solid, and I felt grieved for the trials of our friend's wife who was trying to get settled under the fascinated gaze of Minneapolis reporters and news photographers who felt they must have pictures and stories of this novel residence. Since she must have suffered much already from publicity I will be too gentlemanly to identify but remember with excitement my glimpse of the new home on its first living day. One cheerful innovation of Mr. Wright's is a glass partition between the living room and the kitchen so that the activity of the cook makes a silent but promissory background to the scene. Nothing is more beautiful than a well-tended kitchen, and this lucid opportunity is excellent for the husband or guest who likes to know what's on the menu for dinner.

As an opposite kind of thought, referring to our occasional attempts to preserve unique shapes and memories of the past, I was grateful for the hospitality of St. Olaf College at Northfield, Minnesota. There, to some extent exempt from the flattening steamroller of our standardizing time, St. Olaf carries on Minnesota's rich inheritance of Norse culture. Small Eastern colleges, by proximity to the thundering herd of Americanism, have lost much of their valuable separatist spirit. St. Olaf—where the late Dr. Rölvaag wrote in Norwegian his magnificent *Giants in the Earth*—will long I hope be bold and faithful to that admirable mission. It will be a bad day when the various races of our miscellaneous nation forget in one dull clamorous Americanism the deep idiosyncrasies of their origins. One little oddity struck me. A great middle-western State university had as the slogan of its Homecoming Day "Mangle Michigan." The motto of St. Olaf for its similar festival was "World Peace."

So you found plenty to think about, I remarked.

Yes, he said; and if you'll excuse me I'm going home now to do it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Double-Crostics: Number 36

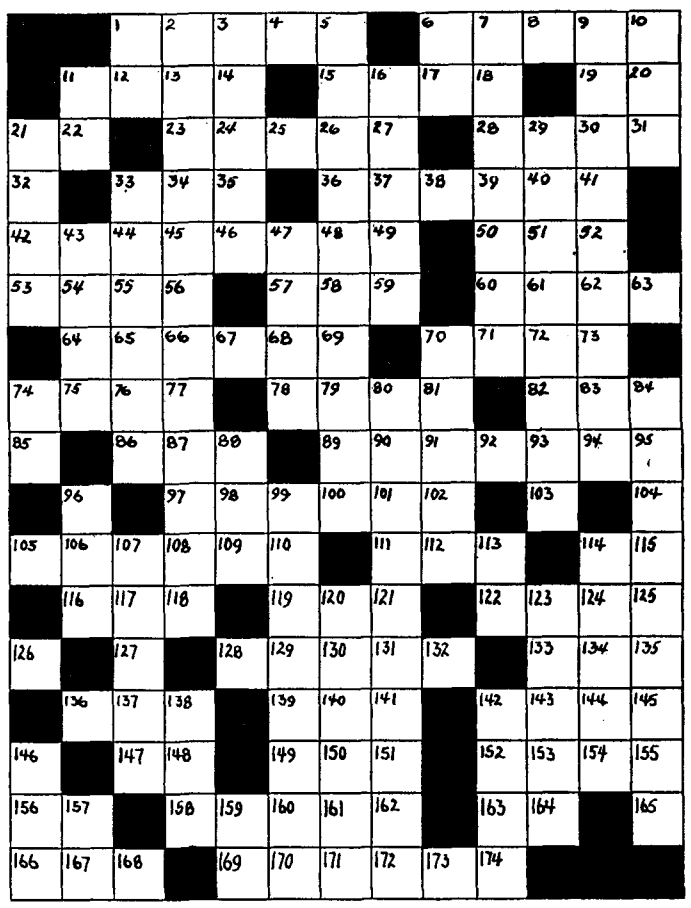
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess thirty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 140-121-2-22-108-36-101-88-155. Universal.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 123-96-130-107-16-26-53. English writer (1874-).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 164-116-158-132-72-91-1-48-24-173. Religious leader (1688-1772).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 28-172-68-9-71. Impression that something will happen.	_ _ _ _ _
V. 30-128-54-77-119-40-84. Bordered; touched at one end.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 69-94-21-149. A distinctive Scottish garment.	_ _ _ _
VII. 20-35-105-146-162-12. A Hebrew prophet.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 64-57-168-112-4-127-31. Slavic tea-kettle.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 6-56-90-78-62-97-142-150-17-165-37. Surface of the sun.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 14-49-8-153-89-65. To add something of beauty or value.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 38-139-115-134-73-18. To bring into harmony.	_ _ _ _ _
XII. 13-99-42-154-92-147. Shylock's Wall Street.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 7-152-33-144-27. To remove by force.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 104-171-70-15-141-52. To treat with obsequious deference.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 80-131-32-76-55-157. Complete, unimpaired.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 170-166-44. A term used in the game of cribbage.	_ _ _
XVII. 23-160-47-110. Of a forbidding aspect.	_ _ _ _
XVIII. 61-103-43. Character in "David Copperfield."	_ _ _
XIX. 25-113-159. Division of geological time.	_ _ _
XX. 106-137-100-3. A character in "A Doll's House."	_ _ _ _
XXI. 66-45-133. A piece of timber to strengthen side of a ship.	_ _ _
XXII. 85-129-136. Poetic for at a distance.	_ _ _
XXIII. 161-83-143-86. Tailless, insectivorous amphibian.	_ _ _ _
XXIV. 79-117-82-114-59. Routine custom or practice.	_ _ _ _ _
XXV. 169-46-93. A letter of the Greek alphabet.	_ _ _
XXVI. 148-34-151-118-50-98-120-135-156. Symbols of high-living.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 51-67-60-125-163-39-29-122. Survives.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVIII. 63-95-19-124-81-75-5-41. Soiled, dirty.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIX. 58-87-102-145. Prescribed form of ceremony.	_ _ _ _
XXX. 74-109-11-111-10. British for molasses candy.	_ _ _ _ _
XXXI. 174-167-138-126. Loud, prolonged cry of a beast.	_ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 35)

WHITMAN—"LEAVES OF GRASS"

But grander far the unseen soul of me comprehending, endowing all those,
Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing the sea . . . .
More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The full narrative of his passionate, troubled life, and an evaluation of his art

by Avrahm Yarmolinsky

DOSTOEVSKY

N. Y. TIMES
"The only fully up-to-date biography of Dostoevsky extant; no student of the great writer who has no access to Russian documents (a large part of which remains unpublished) will be able to dispense with it."

LEWIS MUMFORD
"The most satisfactory biography of Dostoevsky that I know. Since Dostoevsky's work anticipated symbolically the violences and disruptions of our present world, this new biography lends a special insight into the typical dilemmas of our own day."

by Avrahm Yarmolinsky

DOSTOEVSKY

$3.75
Illustrated

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

FIRE

"A man-sized book about Peru . . . its scope is magnificently inclusive" *John Chamberlain*, N. Y. Times.

ON THE

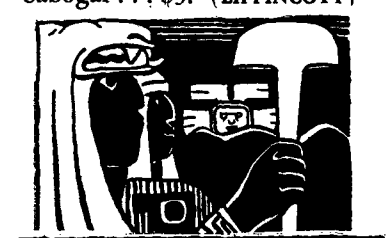
"Beals' long life in Indian Mexico gave him special insights and entrees in Peru. He leaves the reader sharing some of his excitement.' *Lewis Gannett*, N Y. Herald-Tribune.

ANDES

For months the famous author of "The Crime of Cuba" and "Mexican Maze" has been in Peru, quietly gathering a great fund of inside information about this stronghold of the ancient Inca civilization.

He now presents, with all his impassioned desire for the truth, the complete story of this young and lusty nation, rising from the remains of a once powerful race.

With 47 superb illustrations by the Peruvian artist, José Sabogal . . . $3. (LIPPINCOTT)



BY Carleton BEALS

The New Books

Biography

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Viking. 1934. $3.

This is a good piece of bookmaking, both in its writing and in its physical make-up, though it lacks an index. The author handles his theme easily, with almost too facile skill in popularization. His generalizations are somewhat lacking in originality, and rather too persistently reiterated. We learn that Erasmus was a scholar of world-wide renown, and we hear the applause. It would have been better had the author been willing or able to take us into the workshop of Erasmus himself, shown him at the task of preparing one of his famous editions, shown him working in detail on even a single page of his manuscript. Then we could have understood what it meant and what it cost to be the greatest scholar of the Renaissance. As it is, the book falls short of the highest. But in the chapters in which Zweig sums up the greatness and limitations of Humanism, and then first introduces the contrasted figure of Luther, the book does attain a summit of characterization and effectiveness.

H. T. C.

Drama

HELEN RETIRES. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $1.50.

It is related of the Greek courtesan Phryne that being put on trial for some crime she made her only defense by showing herself naked to the court, and asking, "Do you think that one so beautiful as I could be guilty?" and was acquitted triumphantly. So the fascination of Helen has led men to feel that it is not fitting that she should be guilty, and not fitting that anyone so beautiful should be unhappy. They devised myths to explain that she never followed Paris to Troy; and another myth to tell how, after death had separated her from the last of her poor line of lovers, she was taken by the gods to the Happy Isles and joined to Achilles, the fairest of women to the bravest of men, to live in everlasting bliss. In this book, the opera-libretto for Mr. George Antheil's music, Mr. Erskine follows this legend up to a point. But he alters the end, showing that he is a romantic, who believes that there is no excellent beauty without some strangeness in the proportion. Everlasting happiness is too undramatic, too unromantic a conception for him; his Helen is the *ewig weibliche* whose destiny is to bestow happiness upon men while never finding it herself. With Achilles in the land of the dead she knows a short ecstasy, but goddess though she is she cannot trust it, and at the end she has gone back to her fate, giving herself to men out of generosity, not passion.

Helen is here the same serene and candid figure as in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," only a little more dignified, more melancholy. The lines of this book were evidently written primarily not to interfere with the music; and if some of them come perilously close to flippancy, Helen shines through them all, a genuinely moving figure.

B. D.

Fiction

JORKENS REMEMBERS AFRICA. By Lord Dunsany. Longmans, Green. 1934. $2.50.

This is the second book of tales told at the Billiards Club by Jorkens—the melancholy Jorkens, always cadging drinks, always warmed by drink into the recollection of some fantastic story. The "Africa" of the title is far too limiting a word, for the tales range all over the earth and considerably beyond it—once to Mars, and once to some sort of fairyland. There are only two common qualities to these stories—by some untoward circumstance they can never be proved (although as the author points out, they can never be disproved either), and if Jorkens is on the point of finding a fortune, a beach of pearls or a lapful of sapphires, or the loveliest woman on earth, something has always happened to prevent his profiting by it. Within these limits, they have the widest variety; they deal with unicorns and trees, walking and savages, and kinks in space and time and earthquakes, and under all circumstances the imperturbable Jorkens preserves the same Defoe-like carefulness of detail, the same almost anxious truthfulness.

The book is one which will seem uneven to almost any reader, but not every reader will like best the same things. Perhaps for most tastes the best stories are those which have merely a Jules-Verne amount of fantasy, the ones like "How Ryan Got Out of Russia," and "Ozymandias," in which a most ingenious use is made of a colossus as an aid in locating buried treasure. The poetic fancies like "The Club Secretary," or the inconclusively supernatural stories like "The Witch's Curse," will seem less successful. Yet even to such a taste there is a thrill in "The Slugly Beasts," a sequel to that curiously disturbing Martian story in the earlier volume—a story which was more haunting than one had realized until one found how very vividly its sequel recalled it. All which is to say that in this book nearly any taste should find something of excellent entertainment.

B. D.

INTERLUDE FOR SALLY. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

The most engaging thing about Mrs. Seymour's new novel is its lack of any pretensions to "importance." Wisely, the author has not burdened it with a thesis. It is not a study of this or that post-war phase of English life, nor is it particularly concerned with any one of the major problems of the day. Instead it is devoted to the fairly straightforward story of a year in the existence of a family called Merrall, who live in a moderately happy-go-lucky way in a pleasant house on the Hampshire downs. During the period covered by the book the three children are married with varying success, the parents are plagued by ghosts from their Bohemian past and decide in the face of neighborly disapproval to return to London, and, finally, a new servant establishes herself solidly in their household,—an event of more significance than one might think.

All this may sound a little dull and lacking in originality, but recounted in an easy and natural fashion, if perhaps a trifle lengthily and with a somewhat larger dose of sentiment than most of us require nowadays, it makes excellent reading. No effort is necessary to understand Mrs. Seymour's people and their doings, but her observation of them is intelligent and accurate. Great humor in writing about them, or profound insight into their characters, is not displayed, but the author has succeeded in making them interesting and believable,—a feat which has after all constituted the principal claim to fame of more than one celebrated novelist in the past. In addition to this rare virtue, she possesses a tolerant and kindly viewpoint and has not attempted to make her story mean more than it should. As a result "Interlude for Sally" may be counted with the better light novels of the season.

T. P., JR.

2 NEW BOOKS IN THE MODERN LIBRARY

PORGY
By DUBOSE HEYWARD
No. 148

95¢ EACH
Complete, unabridged

MARIA CHAPDELAINE No. 10
By LOUIS HÉMON

Send for a complete list of titles
Modern Library, 20 E. 57, N. Y.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN ★ POETRY ★

Most Complete Collection of American Poetry Ever Assembled in One Volume. The Greatest and Best Loved Poems Selected and Annotated by the "Dean of American Poets"

Edwin Markham

The masterpieces of such famous American poets as Emily Dickinson, Eugene Field, Edgar Guest, Arthur Guiterman, Bret Harte, Longfellow, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Don Marquis, Edgar Allan Poe, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hervey Allen, James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Whitman, and hundreds more. All the old favorites, "Annabel Lee", "Barefoot Boy", "Trees", "Shooting of Dan McGrew", "Man with the Hoe", "Paul Revere's Ride", also the best of the new.

928 pages—348 Poets—748 Poems
Handsome cloth binding, $1.50
Gift Edition, Limp Leather, $3.00

At all booksellers

WM. H. WISE & CO., Publishers

SOME EXAMPLES OF
MODERN CAMBRIDGE PRINTING

1534 1934

Designed by BRUCE ROGERS: Printed by J. B. PEACE:

The Story of Dr. Johnson	*by S. C. Roberts*	*1919*	$2.00
Days in My Garden	*by Ernest Ballard*	*1919*	$8.50
The Tempest	*by William Shakespeare*	*1921*	$1.75

Printed by WALTER LEWIS:

A Bibliography of Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., M.D.	*by Geoffrey Keynes*	*1924*	$16.00
Statistical Mechanics	*by R. H. Fowler*	*1929*	$9 75
The English Newspaper	*by Stanley Morison*	*1932*	$13.00
The Art of Carving	*by John Trusler*	*1932*	$1.00
A Frenchman in England	*by F. de la Rochefoucauld*	*1933*	$2.50

Further particulars from
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York Chicago San Francisco Boston Atlanta Dallas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

GLIDERS AND GLIDING

Mrs. D. E. T. of Syracuse, N. Y., *wishes a list of books in English on gliders and gliding which deals with their construction and flying.*

A SECOND revised edition was brought out in 1932 of GLIDING AND MOTORLESS FLIGHT (Pitman), by L. Howard-Flanders and C. F. Carr. This is said by those who know to be very good. It contains diagrams, and covers such phases of the subject as recent achievements and progress, the training of pilots, the types of gliders and construction, repairs, and workshop routine. Another informative volume is GLIDING AND SOARING (McGraw-Hill), by Percival White and Mat White; indicative of its scope are such chapters as How You Are Taught to Glide, Wind Currents and Their Behavior, and How to Build a Glider. A HISTORY OF AIRCRAFT (Whittlesey), by F. Alexander Magoun and Eric Hodgins, is an excellent general reference book on aircraft, and gives considerable space to gliding.

THE HISTORY OF CHINA

Z. M. S. of Storrs, Conn., *writes me she is in search of twofold information. She wants an authentic and readable history of China. She further is anxious to know whether it is advisable to purchase the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica for general family use. "There is enough written and said," she writes, "about the lack of reliability of many of the articles in the Fourteenth Edition" to make her wonder whether it might not be wise to go back to the Eleventh for the use of a family of growing boys.*

First as to China. If E. M. S. wants a succinct account of the history of the great Oriental nation, well-written, well-proportioned, and well-balanced, she can do no better than to get Kenneth S. Latourette's THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Latourette has here presented in concise fashion the general course of China's history, including in his chronicle an admirable discussion of the ancient historical culture of the old Empire, and a narrative of the principal events since the Opium War and their relation to political reconstruction. The book contains an excellent bibliography. What is perhaps the best general historical survey in English of the social development of China is Edward T. Williams's CHINA YESTERDAY AND TODAY (Crowell). A work that was for long standard, and which can doubtless be found on the reference shelves of any library of size, is Samuel Wells Williams's THE MIDDLE KINGDOM. This narrative, however, applies only to the last century. Written by a man who was an editor, a missionary, and a diplomat, it is of encyclopedic range, taking up the geography, government, literature, social life, arts, and history of the Chinese empire and people.

Z. M. S. is quite right in saying that there has been much criticism of the Fourteenth Edition of the Britannica, and indeed there is much ground for it. Nevertheless, despite faults, omissions, and shortcomings this remains the great encyclopedia of the English language. The Ninth Edition placed it upon a height, and the Eleventh made it even more valuable. The Fourteenth, in which the great effort was made to Americanize it, is inadequate in many respects (in the matter of bibliographies alone it is exasperatingly poor). From the first, the Encyclopedia Britannica was essentially a scholar's cyclopedia; the man in the street could, and can, find what he wants for reference purposes better in such a work as the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA (Funk & Wagnalls). But it had articles of surpassing excellence in many fields, and in nothing was it stronger than in the sciences and applied sciences, even though these discussions were highly technical and frequently only fully usable by the specialist. Z. M. S. particularly wants a reference work to which her boys can turn for information on recent developments in science and mechanics. I should say most emphatically that she ought to get the latest edition of the Britannica and not the earlier one, since the stretch of years between the two has seen an enormous development along scientific lines, and since in the Fourteenth edition as in earlier ones the work is particularly strong in the scientific field.

CANADIAN MAGAZINES

M. D. of Lynchburg, Va., *asks for the names of some of the leading Canadian magazines with their addresses. "I am interested especially," she says, "in such reviews as publish essays, Canadian counterparts of the* Bookman *and the* Atlantic."

I cannot discover that there is any counterpart of such a periodical as the *Atlantic*, but there are several like our quarterlies of the *Yale Review* type. These are published under the academic ægis and largely written by the professorial group. Among them are *The University of Toronto Quarterly* (University of Toronto Press), which gives much space to educational matters though it contains also articles of a general nature, and *Queen's Quarterly* (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.), which, too, places its emphasis on educational problems. The *Dalhousie Review* (Halifax, N. S.: The Review Publishing Co.) gives space to general articles and book reviews, and *The Canadian Forum* (6 Manning Arcade, 24 King Street West, Toronto) prints discussions of current events both in Canada and the United States, book reviews, and some stories.

MAGAZINES FOR SECRETARIES

V. K. of West Hartford, Conn., *would like to find out whether there are any periodicals issued for the use or benefit of secretaries.*

On the whole I should think it would be advisable for V. K. to invest in one of the many volumes for the business woman if she wishes advice as to duties and equipment rather than to seek help from a periodical. There is little of importance in the field—leaflets issued by some of the shorthand systems, and the occasional articles in *The Business Education World*, edited by John Robert Gregg, and published at 270 Madison Avenue, New York City. The November issue of this magazine contains a discussion of "What Training is Necessary for an Expert Secretary," "Progressive Education—Its Limitation in the Commercial Field," and a report of the International Shorthand Congress.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER WITHOUT WEAPON *Means Davis* (Smith & Haas: $2)	Two old ladies scared entirely, and one young un almost, to death. Matt Higgins, in wheel chair, solves mystery.	Hospital atmosphere, especially psychiatric stuff, and good characterizations of docs and detectives intensify interest.	Good
THE CHIANTI FLASK *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Letty Dousland, acquitted of poisoning satyr-husband, finds shadow of crime blights her love for decent chap.	Past-mistress of suspense and psychological horror at top-form in tale that puzzles to end—and after.	Excellent
THE LONE WOLF'S LAST PROWL *Louis Joseph Vance* (Lippincott: $1.50)	Michael Lanyard on boat with lovely and priceless jewels, meets murder, saves jewels, wins gal—*exeunt omnes.*	Moves with customary Vance suavity and swiftness through exciting episodes to concluding clinch.	*"De mortuis—"*

The Best Books of 1934

H. G. WELLS'

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"So stimulating that I wish there were *ten more volumes* to look forward to!" – *Alexander Woollcott.* $4.00

MARY ELLEN CHASE'S

MARY PETERS

"Prose so beautiful it restores our faith in writing as a fine art!"—*Harper's Magazine.* $2.50

SIR JAMES JEANS'

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME

"He transforms facts into a scene of beauty and fascination; the touch of true art!"—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

RAYMOND L. DITMARS'

CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENTIST

"Told as if he talked with a friend...its reading is an absorbing experience."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.50

CHARLES A. BEARD'S

THE OPEN DOOR AT HOME

"A superb analysis . . . the greatest single contribution to the literature of the depression; greater than *The Rise of American Civilization!*"—Today. $3.00

GASTON NERVAL'S

AUTOPSY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

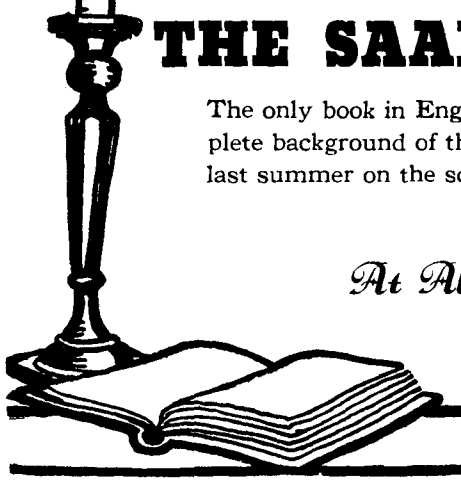
A thorough, documented criticism of both the original and modern versions of the Doctrine, with a detailed "indictment" listing alleged errors and abuses committed in its name. $3.50

MICHAEL FLORINSKY'S

THE SAAR STRUGGLE

The only book in English which attempts to give the complete background of the Saar crisis. Prof. Florinsky spent last summer on the scene, gathering first hand data. $2.00

At All Bookstores



THE MACMILLAN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NEIL BELL is one of those born story-tellers whose easy familiarity with the plain people and familiar scenes he writes about, whose tolerant spirit towards the foibles, sins and weaknesses of simple folk—all lend themselves to an appeal which should be widely popular."—New York Herald Tribune.

WINDING ROAD

By

NEIL BELL

"NEIL BELL in this 'Winding Road' gives a workmanlike picture of the life and times of twentieth-century England. He knows his England—the countryside, the farm, the workshop, the small town and London. The abutting worlds of Fleet Street and of Westminster are well and faithfully described. It is an excellent study of contemporary life, conscientiously made and ably written." —*Saturday Review of Literature.*

" 'Winding Road' is beyond question an exceedingly fine novel, one of which any author need be justly proud. All told, it stands as an even finer piece of work than 'Bredon and Sons'."—*Boston Transcript.*

" 'Winding Road' is exceptionally interesting. A novel which possesses to an unusual degree that sense of change and movement which is so outstanding a part of our modern life."—*New York Times Book Review.*

" 'Bredon and Sons' was excellent, but this is a much, much better novel. Where the other was a competent, clever, consistent and almost a noble piece of craftsmanship, 'Winding Road' leaps out and denies that it is fiction at all. The craft is forgotten and the story lives." —*Los Angeles Times.*

609 pages. $2.75

A memorable novel of a young Southern pacifist during and after the Civil War

DRURY RANDALL

By

MARY JOHNSTON

This is the story of Drury Randall, peace-loving Virginian, born in a time that idealized the fine gestures of war. After apprenticeship on his father's newspaper he turns to journalism and poetry and his meeting with Emerson and Thoreau so influences his thinking that the outbreak of the Civil War finds him a philosopher rather than a fighter. The effect of the conflict on this young Utopian is portrayed by Miss Johnston in a novel of rare significance.

"In her new novel that veteran romancer, Mary Johnston, has done what is in many ways her finest book; more mature and thoughtful than anything she wrote before."—*Los Angeles Times.*

309 pages. $2.50

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.

First Born

THIS department has a particular affinity for Catalogues No. 1, and is happy to make them matters of record as fast and as often as they appear. The newest primal comes from the bookshop of Arthur Pforzheimer of 26 East 56th Street, New York. It is an agreeable compound of English and American literature, old and new, and Americana, and it includes, as a good catalogue should, letters as well as books. The price range is from two dollars up into the hundreds.

To read an autograph letter as it is quoted in a bookseller's catalogue is to experience all the thrill of barging in on somebody else's privacy and all the safety of not being able to be caught at it. For instance, here is George du Maurier writing to one unnamed probably in 1896 (yours for $15): "I have had such a surfeit of publicity (or immortality as you call it) that I don't want any more. It has ended by getting on my nerves . . . I hope to goodness you have not brought me and Whistler into any kind of juxtaposition." And thus A. E. Housman, also to an unnamed, no longer ago than 1929 ($20): "To write upon the topography of Shropshire, well and good; but the only object in bringing in 'A Shropshire Lad' would be to show that its topography, outside Ludlow and Shrewsbury, is either vague or purely imaginary. People who go to Hughley expecting my steeple and my system of burial are much taken aback."

Serious Reflection

Part II of the library of the late Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I., dispersed at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries November 7th and 8th, brought a total of $57,225. Part I, sold last May, produced $167,867.50. There is no invidiousness in the comparison, for there is no comparison—Part II did not include the same, or so many, or, with a few glamorous exceptions, such desirable books.

There is, however, considerable significance in the fact that private libraries still exist which can be knocked down, or apart, in times that continue to try men's souls, for only a little less than a quarter of a million dollars—and the dispersal of Part III of the Terry collection, which will probably take place in the late winter or spring, will easily bring the grand total well beyond that figure.

The capacity to absorb rare and costly units still exists. The fact that the units, despite their rarity and costliness, do not in general bring the prices that they would have brought five years ago (or, in some instances, ten or fifteen years ago) does not negate the fundamental truth that they do get taken up.

What are the limits of this capacity to absorb? Has it any limits? Certainly not, if one sets the selling-price low enough. Yet there is no question but that the book-trade would view with consternation the impending dispersal of a library worth, say, five or ten times the total of the Terry collection, and such libraries have survived the thin edge of the thirties and will, one hopes, continue to survive. It is possible that a few like them have begun to cohere and agglutinate during the past five years—there has never been a better moment in which to initiate such a high emprise, and books, good books, have continued to be hawked and bought while cabinets tottered and tumbled and gold was winning a decree nisi. For while overproduction of something or other may have been a factor in bringing on the ruckus (though our weightiest economists say it was not), there has been no overproduction of rare books. Institutions which could not buy had rarities willed to them, and a book bequeathed to a theoretically deathless institution is as definitely *non est* as if it had been flung into a furnace.

A rare book, whether it cost one dollar or fifty thousand, is a luxury. The operation of collector psychology, of course, converts it into something very like a necessity. The collector who gets the most fun out of the business is the collector who has to deny himself something to get the book he has to have, and there are plenty of authentic instances of collectors who have sacrificed trips abroad or foregone new cars in order to place on their shelves thin little pamphlets each of which took up no more room than a shirt-board. Gissing omitted a supper and bought a Horace (or was it a Theocritus?), but it was not Pine's Horace or the Aldine Theocritus. Collectors eat much the same food as steamfitters, and of late years they have had to accent physical necessities at the expense of emotional necessities. This search for a highly literal *modus vivendi* has had its inevitable reflection in the booktrade.

Great Companions

by ROBERT FRENCH LEAVENS

A compilation of the great utterances of great minds of all ages, on the meaning and conduct of life.

". . . interesting and inspiring . . . I have been in the habit of putting the book in my traveling bag and taking it with me." DANIEL WILLARD, *President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.*

"A beautiful little gift book" *Boston Herald*

7th Printing. $2.50

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St. Dept. 207 Boston, Mass.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BARGAINS

HOLIDAY BARGAIN CATALOGUE FREE. Hundreds new books 50%, 75% reductions. Longwood Mail-Order Bookshop, 850 Longwood Ave., New York.

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE LITTLE BLUE BOOK catalog. Thousands of bargains. More than 350 books at 5c each. Address: Little Blue Book Co., Box 2043, Girard, Kansas.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

Illustrated with *250 interesting photographic plates.* New and revised edition, edited by John F. Kane. Of the previous edition of this "magnificent work," the *N. Y. Times* wrote: ". . . the most comprehensive volume yet attempted of the scenic attractions of North America and its island appendages. . . . All together, A HANDSOME, INFORMATIVE, INTERESTING, USEFUL BOOK." The *Survey* added: "The pictures themselves will make one sit up nights." Originally called a bargain at $15.00, now brought up to date and handsomely bound at the Association's special reduced price, postpaid, $2.98.

Write for FREE COPY of 36-page 1934-1935 BARGAIN BOOK Catalog No. 256-SR

Satisfaction or your money back guaranteed by America's Oldest Mail-Order Book House.

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
Established 1884
367-373 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Herbert L. Bowman, Treas. & Mgr.

DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS are perhaps the least variable of all investments, years of experience, a consistent record of fair dealing, and moderate prices back every transaction at this shop. Catalogs on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

FRENCH BOOKS

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $3.00. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mailorder catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

KEEP YOUR FRENCH UP TO DATE. The FRENCH BOOK CLUB, 556 Madison Avenue, New York, offers each month one OUTSTANDING book of LATEST French fiction, 12 volumes of the best of current French literature for only $15.00 a year. —To stimulate new membership we will deliver to new subscribers before Christmas, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the Christmas number of "L'ILLUSTRATION," or CLIFTON'S New French-English Dictionary, regularly sold at $3.00 each, or: "Grammaire de l'Académie française."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books, reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RUSSIAN POSTERS

COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS; all sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15c to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, NORWALK, CONN. Illustrated booklet on request. Tel. Norwalk 2300.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

INTERESTED in making $20-$100 weekly spare time? Stamp brings details. Box 623.

WE BUY LINCOLN HEAD PENNIES. Will pay up to $2.00 each if over ten years old. Indian Head Pennies worth up to $51.00 each. Send 10c for BUYING CATALOG. CONTINENTAL COIN CO., INCORPORATED, PR, 111 W. Jackson, Chicago.

PUBLISHERS' Reading Wanted—Expert advice and editorial opinions. Mansfield.

YOUNG WOMAN, well-educated, literary interests, adaptable, versatile, earnest but not awful, wants position with future, Central Southern Ohio. Box 46-A.

MEET BEE DUANE, who reminds William McFee of Ann Vickers and Sidney Williams of Sheila Kaye-Smith's Joanna. Bee holds important position in inside story of trust banking in New York. Send $2.50 for "To Each A Penny" to Lothrop, 126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

PERSONALS

WHEN a man's sixty, his friends have a way of disappearing, and if one is active and interested in life and in going about, he misses them. If you care for the intellectual companionship of such a man, why not write fully about yourself and your interests? Wayfarer.

FICTION writer (and seller)—male, forty, just moved to New York—would like to know a congenial young woman similarly engaged, free of the distracting demands of other occupation, for the mutual stimulus to work that such writing friendship would bring. Box 98-A.

JOB WANTED by 1932 college graduate (female) with honors in English. Can typewrite, have had experience reviewing and selling children's books, and some magazine experience. Would like job in bookstore, publishing house, on magazine, or what have you. Am native New Yorker, conscientious, bright, personable and deserving. Box 107-A.

COLLEGE graduate, excellent references, desires temporary governess position with family going south, preferably Miami. Will pay own expenses. Box 115-A.

WOMAN, 28, Philadelphia vicinity; faced on north by mental aridity and stagnation, east, by pettiness, south, by rum hounds and confusion. Traveled America, Europe; college graduate. Seeks stimulating correspondence with man of varied interests. Box 109-A.

PERSONABLE young woman, holding depression job, desires secretarial position requiring intelligence, initiative and industry. Box 110-A.

PIANO WANTED, grand, storage or purchase cheaply. References. Box 119-A.

CHESS PLAYERS of moderate ability, in New York City, who would like to form a small club without dues or other obligations, except the possession of good manners, to meet weekly at each other's homes. Box 111-A.

A NOTE TO EMPLOYERS: I am mildly surprised that you gentlemen require only accountants, chemists, etc. You do not advertise for brains. A lesser commodity perhaps? A young man, not chemist, not accountant, not even etc., has brains for hire. Both (man and brains) unattached, mobile. Gentlemen, your offers? Box 112-A.

THE BIG HOUSE, Middlefield, Mass. Atop the Hills, Modern, Homelike, Ideal for Rest, Recreation, and Study. A. A. Starbuck, Owner and Hostess.

LITERARY RESEARCH—If you haven't time to dig up the facts you need, write A. Nichols, 862 Lexington, New York. Odd bits or complete resumés at reasonable rates.

AMERICAN young woman, hesitant about stating degree of attractiveness, would be interested to hear from someone who cares for books, music (unacademic), the theatre, and the out-of-doors. She hails from the tribe of Moses and Aaron. Box 114-A.

SEEK modest quarters with Manhattan bachelor or family. Pay or services in part. Jewish, 30, Westerner, professional, superior background. Box 118-A.

ROBINSON JEFFERS, Rockwell Kent, Lawrence Clark Powell have combined to preface, decorate and write an exciting, handsome, authoritative book "Robinson Jeffers, The Man & His Work." *New York Times, Herald-Tribune, New Masses,* Lincoln Steffens, Paul Jordan-Smith unanimously praise this unpedantic biographical and critical study of the Titan of American poetry. Photographs of Jeffers, map, bibliography, index, $3.50. Primavera Press, 614 West Sixth, Los Angeles.

INTELLIGENT young man,—education continuous after college graduation,—able, tutor, French, history, mathematics, as private secretary,—likes good music, literature, travelling,—trained in art of living, has zest, and sense of humor. Desires good connection. Box 120-A.

SECRETARY—Young woman with initiative, ambition, personality, and intelligence. College education and some business experience preferred. Work requires ability to contact the public through interviews and correspondence. Complete stenographic ability required. Write, giving full qualifications and references, to P. O. Box 23, Elmwood Station, Providence, R. I.

CANADIAN, marooned in California, would welcome correspondence with Canadian, Englishman or Scotchman in any part of the world; one between thirty-five and forty, who is interested in sports and loves books, animals and the country. Sense of humor indispensable. Mary P. D., Box 113-A.

ARTISTS OF INDIRECTION WANTED. Anyone can write to a friend, but it takes a past master of intrigue to conceive and execute a correspondence in these columns. Neophytes may enter Christmas Gift Subscriptions for friends or enemies (this is a necessary first step) at $3.50 each for one year through the usual channels of the SRL office at 25 West 45th St., New York City. Machiavelli.

Houghton Mifflin Co. We recommend to readers of PRIVATE WORLDS

Phyllis Bottome's

INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

Twenty brilliant short stories of extraordinary range and dramatic intensity.

$2.50

"It is a lively book—

First, because *The Smart Set* was a lively magazine and second, because Burton Rascoe has prefaced it with a violent, controversial introduction."—*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune.*

"A glittering galaxy of writings. To give a complete list of the names would result in a 'Who's Who of Literature.' *The Smart Set Anthology* is a literary feast, calculated to appeal to the appetites of every bookworm."—*United Press.* 896 pages. Price $3.50. Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., 386 4th Ave., N. Y.

THE SMART SET ANTHOLOGY

Edited by BURTON RASCOE and GROFF CONKLIN

● Hidden among the millions of New York are a few families who came over in the first boats, and what a heritage is theirs! From a few cabins on the waterfront to Radio City, these families have seen New York's incredible growth! Such is the theme of Manhattan Acres, a pageant of the generations of the Van Campens of Nieuw Amsterdam and New York. They knew Peter Stuyvesant, the Indians, pirates, persecuted Quakers, English invaders, Yankee rebels, Cornwallis, the rising Tammany Hall, and the modern barons of Wall Street. Although a novel, it is far truer than many histories, for it has the spirit of the years and centuries, as well as the facts.

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

MANHATTAN ACRES

DUTTON $2.50

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY

By Mark Longaker

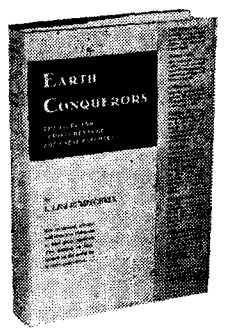
First comprehensive appraisal of the new Life-writing as an independent art. The book describes and evaluates the work of Lytton Strachey, Gamaliel Bradford, André Maurois, Emil Ludwig, Philip Guedalla, Hilaire Belloc and some American biographers. The difference between modern biography and that of the past, an exposition of the scholarly, journalistic and literary types of writing, new trends and theories, are a few of the subjects covered by this timely contribution to literary criticism.

Just Out, $2.50

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*



Just published. Price $3.50.

What WILL DURANT did for the great philosophers, what THOMAS CRAVEN did for the great men of art, what WILLIAM BOLITHO did for "twelve against the gods" . . . J. LESLIE MITCHELL has now done for the ransackers of continents, the great explorers — the nine men who found the world their oyster, to be opened up for Western civilization— in a book just published under the title *Earth Conquerors.*

The nine *Earth Conquerors* who wouldn't take whoa! for an answer are:

LEIF ERICSSON, who discovered a new world.

MARCO POLO, who journeyed beyond Cathay.

COLUMBUS, liar, braggart, salesman and hero.

CABEZ DE VACA, who sought the American City of God.

MAGELLAN, who sought cloves and nutmeg and found death.

VITUS BERING, and the Happy Isles he found in the fogs of the North Pacific.

MUNGO PARK, who invaded Africa with an umbrella.

RICHARD BURTON, who forced the gateways of the forbidden cities of the East.

NANSEN, who searched for a mathematical point.

A Scotsman, born in 1901, a soldier, an aviator, an archaeologist, a novelist and a historian, J. LESLIE MITCHELL (also renowned under the pseudonym LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON), is uniquely fitted by training and temperament to write for, and about, all the blessed and the damned who are lured by the rumble of a distant drum, or fired by the challenge of the words "*terra incognita*" on the map.

In so far as DURANT'S *The Story of Philosophy,* CRAVEN'S *Men of Art* and BOLITHO'S *Twelve Against the Gods* were typically *Inner Sanctum* books, in so far as Your Correspondents thrilled to the horizons and adventures of TRADER HORN, of an artist-geographer like VAN LOON, *Earth Conquerors* is a typical *Inner Sanctum* adventure book—a book to enlarge the vision and make the blood beat faster, a book for all who have the undying faith that "beyond the next forest, the next line of hills, there must be something new."

—ESSANDESS

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The learned and laborious Ben Abramson of the Argus Bookshop, Chicago, has just issued Part 5 of his serial catalogue *Along the North Wall* (25c per volume). This issue contains a stunning paregoric in honor of the little known Cleve St. Swithin. ☞The best line said about Reinhardt's production in Chicago of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was Lloyd Lewis's: that he had now actually seen a dream walking. ☞Minneapolis dresses itself for Christmas even before Thanksgiving: one big department store (Dayton's) has a huge tree outlined against the whole side of the building, made up of scores of actual trees. ☞Jim McCarthy, who came from Jordan Marsh in Boston to manage Dayton's book department, says Minneapolis is a fine town to live in. The famous bust of Shakespeare, which Frank Henry (of Doubleday's) decorated with a wreath of flowers on Shakespeare's Birthday 1931, still presides over Dayton's book department. ☞Harold Kittleson, who succeeded our old friend "Doc" Wells as Powers' book manager, is doing a very able job in his own quiet and well-liked way. ☞Delightful Mrs. Strang, head of Donaldson's book section, has two comely assistants with unusual musical names: one is *Glendola,* but to our embarrassment we have suddenly forgotten the name of the other. ☞We called on Miss Tilden at the Doorway Bookshop (this is still Minneapolis) and found her looking forward to a good Christmas business. ☞Many students at the University of Minnesota are urging the establishment of a co-op bookstore in the Arts College there.

☞Among readings recommended to Gaffer Quercus on his recent travels: by Bill Henneman (Argus Bookshop, Chicago), *A Mad World, My Masters* by Nicholas Breton. By Mr. Arthur Swann, of the American Art Association (whom we encountered by chance on a train from Nebraska to Chicago), an article about Charles Lamb by E. V. Lucas, in some recent issue of *Harper's Magazine* which we evidently missed. By Prof. Norman Foerster (University of Iowa), *The Genteel Female,* an anthology of certain feminine archaisms edited by Clifton J. Furness (Knopf, 1931). By Mr. Swenseid (Kroch's Bookstore, Chicago) *Salah and His American.* By Vincent Starrett, *This Way Out,* by Philip Littell. By a correspondent whose name we have mislaid: *The Man of Promise,* by Willard Huntington Wright. By May Massee: *The Hapsburg*— but looking more carefully at our wallet of memoranda we see that this is not a book but an eating place somewhere on East 55th, highly commended by Miss Massee. ☞Old Quercus is the only outsider who has ever had his own special number on a bookstore "Autocall" (the little bell-like chime that lets members of the staff know they are wanted for some reason.) At Kroch's on Michigan Avenue Quercus may be summoned by ringing 51 on the Autocall.

☞Shirley Brewer of Western Book and Stationery is a great enthusiast on the subject of Andrew Lang, a writer now too much forgotten. ☞Ija Adler of the Post Office News Co. (Chicago) always has the *Saturday Review* available. ☞Ralph Henry of Carson Pirie is a presiding spirit at the bookmen's Round Table which lunches daily in the Men's Grill of that big store. It is the most masculine lunch room we have ever seen in a department store; as Vachel Lindsay used to say, "a he-man's place, and I don't mean Felicia Hemans." ☞John Cole is editing a monthly leaflet about juvenile books for Carson Pirie's Hobby Horse Book Shop. ☞In Mason City, Iowa, we had a delightful visit to Curtis Yelland's bookshop. Mason City still remembers (more vividly than anything else) the fact that Dillinger robbed a bank there. The hotel owned by Hanford Macnider is extremely comfortable and gemütlich, and contains a Euchre, Cycle and Knitting Club where we did none of the three. ☞In Lincoln, Neb., we had a chance to salute Mr. Willis of the Lincoln Bookstore and Mrs. Avery of the department store book section. ☞In Chicago we were struck by large advertising signs for Mistletoe Gin. ☞Henry Justin Smith, the distinguished managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News* (a really living newspaper) promised to find out for us why the statue of Saint George over the front door of the University of Chicago chapel has two anise-seed or camphor or catnip balls hanging on strings from his helmet—is it to keep the pigeons away? With Mr. Smith and Howard O'Brien, Lloyd Lewis and John Gunther we crossed the bridge into the old Northwestern Station (where we always admire the paintings of romantic scenes alongside the train gates) and met Sherwood Anderson for lunch. Mr. Anderson looked well and handsome; his eyes very bright and merry for a philosophic brooder. ☞As we look out on the Illinois Central we always wish the Pullman Co. would name a car *Casey Jones*—the I. C. was his road, wasn't it? ☞And now, from the "great grey-green greasy" Chicago River we're on our way home.

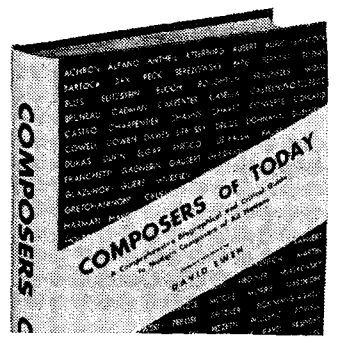
☞Spot news for December 1: Malcolm Johnson, after a six months' vacation from the book business spent on the editorial staff of *Fortune,* goes back to Doubleday, Doran on this date. Mr. Johnson was formerly associate editor at D.D., and manager of the Crime Club; we understand his new responsibilities will be more general.

JUST PUBLISHED

A Comprehensive Biographical and Critical Guide to Modern Composers of All Nations

COMPOSERS OF TODAY

Compiled and Edited by
DAVID EWEN
Author of "From Bach to Stravinsky"



Covering a field previously untouched in book form, this unique volume will be indispensable to all music lovers, students of music and radio listeners. It includes:

Illustrated biographies of some 200 composers with bibliographies of published and recorded compositions.

Critical estimates by more than 100 leading critics.

Bibliography of leading source books devoted to modern music.

Pronunciation of difficult names.

Alphabetically arranged. $4.50

Other Biographical Works

Living Authors.....$5.00
Authors Today and Yesterday.....$5.00
The Junior Book of Authors.....$4.00

At Your Bookseller's, or from
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
950 University Avenue, New York

PREDICAMENT

How to classify Brooks Atkinson's THE CINGALESE PRINCE? Title, from a freighter in which he toured the world. Style, we advertised it 'the best book of travel since Maugham's *Gentleman in the Parlour.*' But a famous magazine editor compares it to *Loti* — John Chamberlain calls it fully up to H. M. Tomlinson. Karl Placht of Beacon Book Shop says it's "excellent." Whatever it is, the book has salt spray in it, and the magic of the East, and the sheer unbelievable beauty of the South Sea Islands, and the poetry and freedom of a wanderer's world. That's why to an amazing number of people, it's becoming a true way of escape, a sort of little religion, which as the *Times* says is "a peripatetic exercise in the noble art of loafing and inviting the soul." At any bookshop, now—$2.50.

Doubleday Doran

SECOND PRINTING ON PRESS!

A Letter of Emerson

With Analysis and Notes by WILLARD REED

In this one letter, hitherto unpublished, which he wrote in 1842 to young Solomon Corner of Baltimore, Emerson set forth his whole philosophy.

Facsimile of Emerson's letter and two illustrations.

36 pages. $1. *At bookshops, or*
THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Dept. 201, Boston, Mass.

The perfect gift...
The
ROCKWELL KENT *illustrated*
CANTERBURY TALES

CHAUCER'S greatest work—in its proper setting...rendered into modern English verse by J. U. Nicolson. There are twenty-six full-page drawings in two colors, end-sheets, and numerous head-and tail-piece decorations in black and white, making eighty illustrations in all. 648 pages, $3.75.

COVICI · FRIEDE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED